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AUGUST 15, 1956
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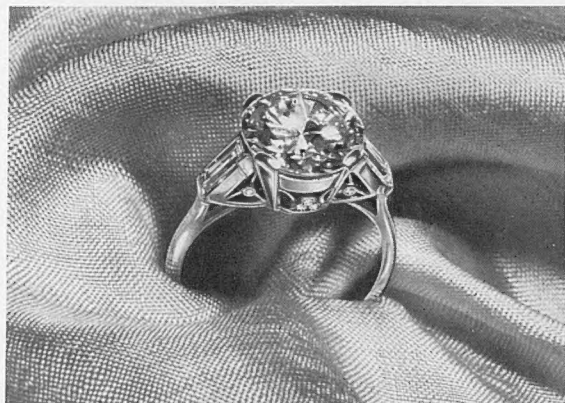
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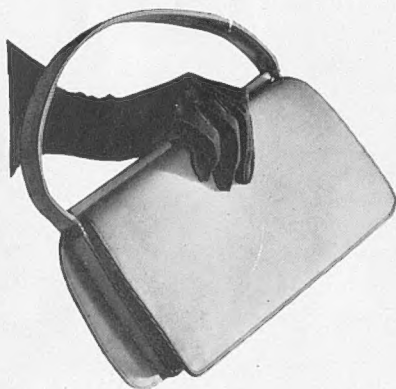
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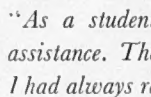
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LADY ELIZABETH LONGMAN, whose photograph appears on the cover, is the daughter of the late Field Marshal the 10th Earl of Cavan, and of Joan, Countess of Cavan, D.B.E. Lady Elizabeth is the wife of Mr. Mark Longman, the publisher, whose firm is the oldest publishing house in the world; they have two small daughters, Caroline, who was born in 1951 and Jane who was born last year. Lady Elizabeth's mother is an Extra Lady in Waiting to H.R.H. the Princess Royal. The Longmans live in Gloucester Square, London, W.2

Yevonde

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 15 to August 22

Aug. 15 (Wed.) H.R.H. Princess Anne's sixth birthday.

Croquet at Hurlingham, third Test match, England v. New Zealand (two days).

Channel Islands Agricultural and Horticultural Show at St. Martins, Guernsey, and at St. Helier, Jersey.

Brighton Horse Show and South of England Jumping Championships at Brighton (three days). First night of *The Young And The Beautiful* at the Arts Theatre.

Racing at Beverley, Haydock Park and Salisbury (two days each).

Aug. 16 (Thur.) Swanage Regatta and Carnival (to 18th), Swanage, Dorset.

Teignmouth Regatta (to 18th), Teignmouth, Devon.

Croquet: Challenge Cups and Gilbey Cup Competition (to 18th, and 23rd to 25th), Roehampton Club.

Aug. 17 (Fri.) Scottish National Sheepdog Trials, Golspie (two days).

Amateur Rowing Association Championship Regatta (and 18th) at Nottingham.

Dance: Seaview Yacht Club Dance, Seaview, Isle of Wight.

Racing at Newbury and Stockton (two days each).

Aug. 18 (Sat.) Golf: Boys' International Match, Scotland v. England, at Sunningdale.

Cricket: County Cricket Week (to 24th—Essex v. Australians 18th, 20th and 21st).

County Cricket Week (24th) Eastbourne, Sussex.

Sailing: Yacht Club Regatta, Weston-super-Mare.

Royal Ocean Racing Club Race, Plymouth to Belle Ile.

Festival Exhibition: Works by Braque and mem-

bers of the Royal Scottish Academy (to Sept. 16), Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh.

Dance: Mrs. Robert Garnham for her daughter, Miss Brigit O'Halloran, at Tyne Hall, Bembridge, Isle of Wight.

Aug. 19 (Sun.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend the opening of the Edinburgh International Festival, which ends on September 8. Edinburgh Film Festival (until September 9).

Aug. 20 (Mon.) Black Game shooting begins.

Sailing: Bournemouth Regatta (to 25th), Bournemouth, Hants.

Oulton Regatta Week (to 26th), Lowestoft, Suffolk. Tennis: North of England Tennis Championships (to 25th), Scarborough, Yorks.

First night: American Ballet Theatre at Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Racing at Warwick.

Aug. 21 (Tues.) The birthday of H.R.H. Princess Margaret.

Polo: Cirencester Polo Club Tournament (to 26th), Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Dance: Mrs. Digby Chamberlain for her daughter, Miss Jennifer Chamberlain, in Harrogate.

Racing at York (three days).

Aug. 22 (Wed.) Southport Flower Show (to 24th), Southport, Lancashire.

Sailing: Paignton Regatta (two days), Paignton, Devon.

Golf: Irish Professional Championship (two days), Clondeboye, Co. Down.

National Radio and Television Exhibition (to September 1), Earls Court, London.

Racing at Bath (two days), Sandown Park (two days) and York.

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Eric Coop

Miss Emma smiles at her elders

ANTHONY, Sarah Rose and Emma Winnington are the children of Col. and Lady Betty Winnington; Anthony is eight years old, Sarah Rose five, and Emma was born in June this year. Their mother is the elder daughter of the fourth Earl of Lichfield who owns Ranton Abbey in Staffordshire, Orgreave

Hall at Lichfield, and the magnificent rococo house, Shugborough Hall, Stafford. Col. T. F. C. Winnington, M.B.E., is the younger brother of Sir Francis Winnington, and commanded the Grenadier Guards until this year; he is now working in the War Office. The Winningtons live in Walton Street, S.W.1



The Hon. Vivian Baring, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Cromer, and Virginia Astor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Astor



Sandra and Marilyn Sinclair with their brother, Andrew Dallison, children of Mrs. G. W. Dallison

Betty Sue

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

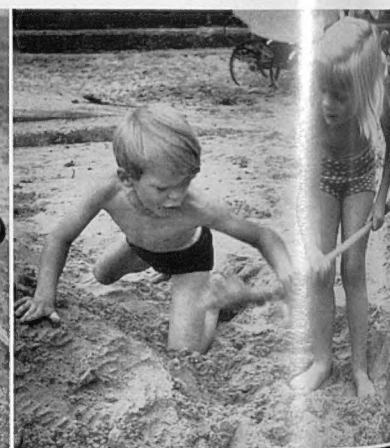
AT FRINTON the English family holiday is in full swing. The schools have broken up and children of all ages have gone with their parents to this attractive resort to enjoy the sun, sea and brisk breezes of the East Coast, braving the temperamental weather

Diana and Angela Cripps, daughters of Major and Mrs. P. Cripps

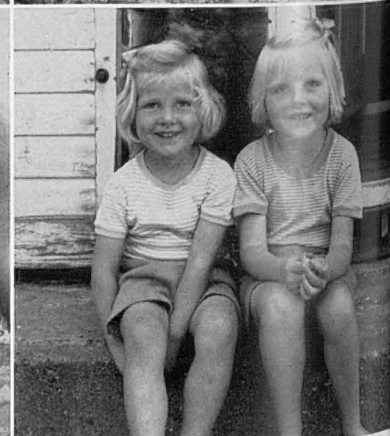
John and Camilla Evans, children of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Evans



Sir Winston Churchill's grandchildren, Charlotte, Jeremy and Emma, children of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames



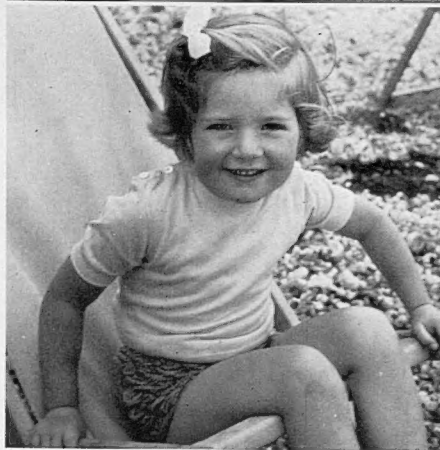
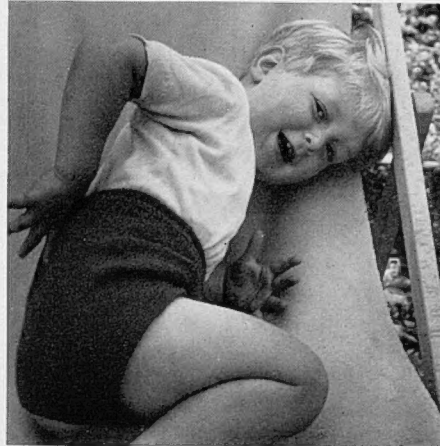
Mrs. Ruairidh Hilleary with her small daughter Dhileas



Sarah and Linda Gosling, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Gosling

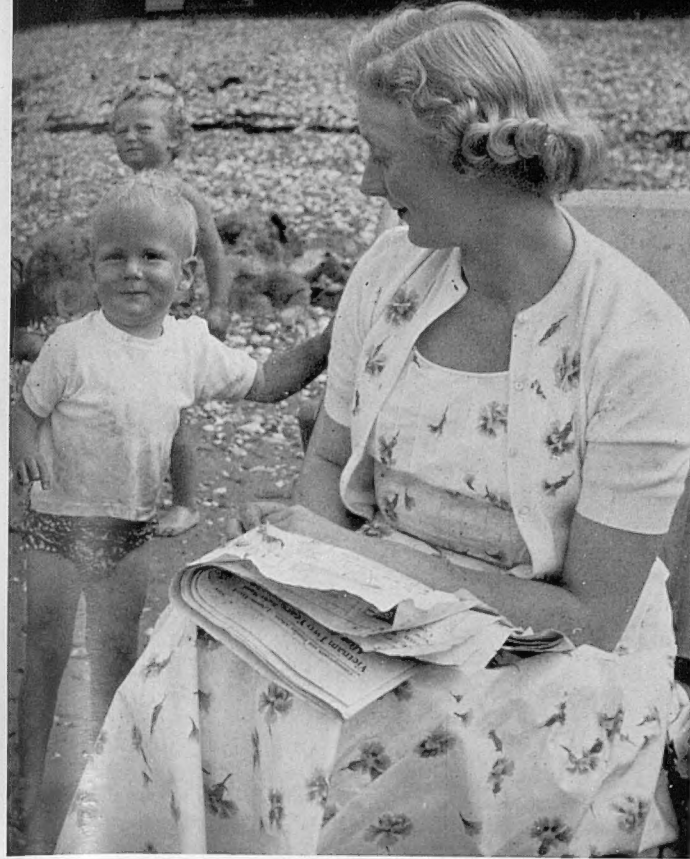
*The Hon. Francis Baring, son of
Lord and Lady Northbrook*

*Davina Jessel, daughter of Capt.
and Mrs. David Jessel*



*The Hon. Laura Baring, who is the
daughter of Lord and Lady Northbrook*

*Lady Celestra Noel, daughter of the
Earl and Countess of Gainsborough*

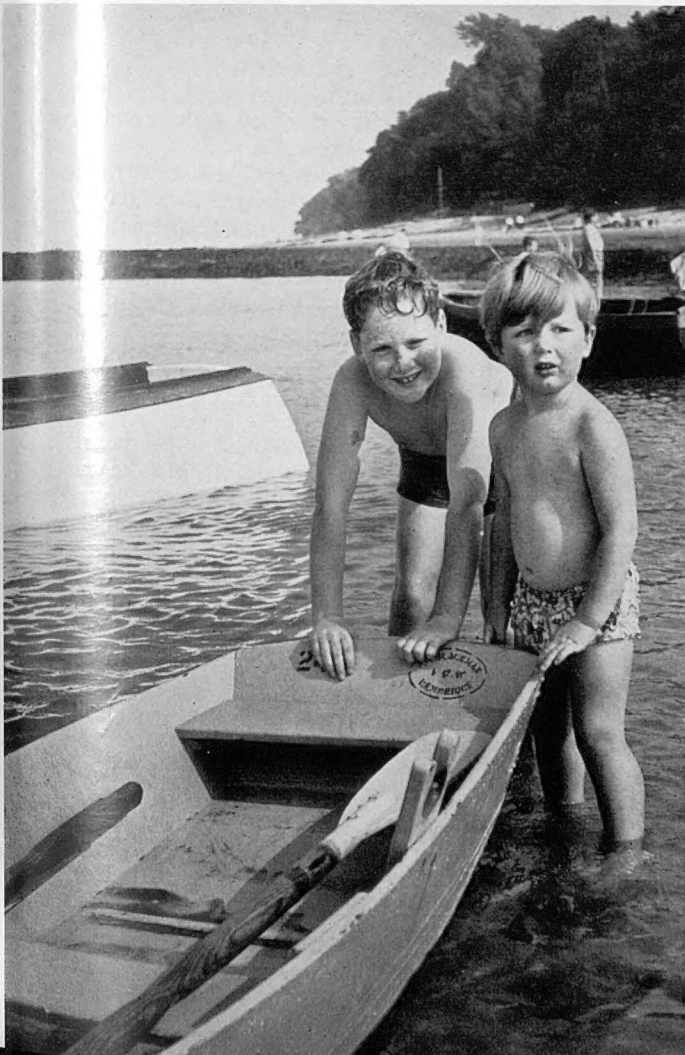


*The Countess of Gainsborough with her youngest son,
the Hon. Gerard Noel, who was born last year*

GOES TO THE SEASIDE

AT BEMBRIDGE many parents combined the business of taking their children to the seaside, where the young people enjoyed the wide sands, with sailing or watching the regattas which are taking place this month around the Isle of Wight

*Duncan Stephen Gee and Jonathan
Rogers prepare to embark*



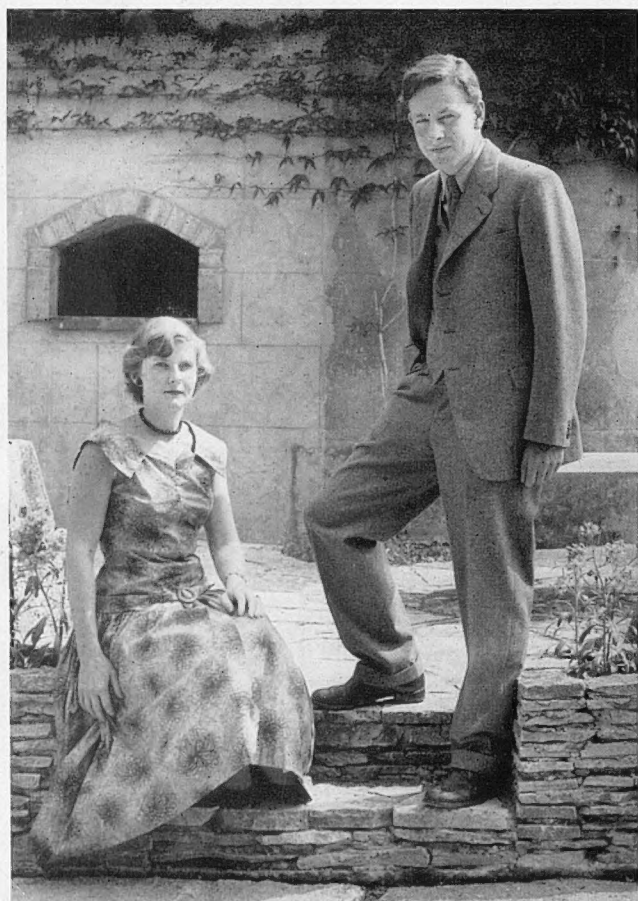
*Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn with their sons, Viscount Quenington,
the Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach and the Hon. David Hicks-Beach*





THE ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY gave a concert at St. James's Palace in the presence of H.R.H. the Princess Royal, which was organized by the Overseas League. The Society is the oldest of its kind in the country and was founded in 1872 by Queen Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh. The Society's conductor is Canadian born Mr. Arthur Davison, whose musical record includes the Overseas League Canada Medal

Social Journal *Jennifer*



Victor Yorke

MR. BERWYN LESLIE LEWIS, R.N., and Miss Jennifer Tory are engaged. He is a son of Major H. D. Lewis, and of Mrs. S. E. Kirkland, of Hardington Mandeville, Somerset, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Tory, of Blandford Forum, Dorset

The Goodwood Meeting

THE Queen and Prince Philip once again attended Goodwood one of the most enjoyable race meetings of the year, in the beautiful setting of the Sussex countryside. This year they stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle and motored over daily. On arrival at the course they lunched each day with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon in their private luncheon room and watched the racing from the Duke's spacious private box.

Prince Philip usually left after the third race to play polo at Cowdray Park, where the Queen went on to join him after racing except on the very wet second day when they left together after the fifth race.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon owns Goodwood race-course and all the land around, part of which is now a very successful motor circuit. He takes a very keen interest in running the big estate, and with the help and advice of his very efficient agent Mr. Ralph Hubbard, who is also Clerk of the Course at Goodwood and of the motor circuit, he has made many alterations and improvements in recent years. The course was in excellent condition, fields were good, and racing each day was very interesting.

ON the opening day there was a pang of sadness in the hearts of many of us when Matador won the Stewards' Cup, as he was owned until recently by the late Mr. John Ferguson, a much loved personality who was a Steward of the Jockey Club and died at the end of June at a comparatively early age after a very brief illness. Matador, who won carrying a record weight, was sold a few days before the race to Mr. Stanhope Joel, a lifelong friend of the Fergusons. He was away at his home in Bermuda, but his two elder daughters were at Goodwood to see Matador win. In the last race that day the Queen's useful two-year-old Douteille was beaten by a short head by Sir Adrian Jarvis's Flaneur; both colts are by Prince Chevalier.

The Goodwood Stakes on the second day was won by Mr. E. Somer's Terrington, and the King George Stakes by the Aga Khan's very game grey filly Palariva who carried top weight. The Goodwood Cup on Thursday was won by Mr. T. J. S. Gray's Zarathustra. Other winners at the meeting included Lord Marchwood's Grey Rhythm, Sir Victor Sassoon's Ski Maid, Mr. William Harrison's northern trained Persian Springs

and Hindu Wand, also Lady de Trafford's Coral Isle.

Goodwood always has a happy, carefree atmosphere. It marks for many the end of the London season and the beginning of the holiday season. There were as usual many house parties and much entertaining in the neighbourhood. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon had Princess Alexandra staying with them at Goodwood House; their sons the Earl of March and his wife and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox were there, and other guests included Princess Alexandra's lady-in-waiting Lady Moyra Hamilton, Mr. Gerald and Lady Mary Pawle, the Hon. John and Mrs. Lindesay-Bethune, the Duchess's sister Miss Molly Hudson, Miss Fiona Myddleton, Mr. Nicholas Eden and Mr. Stephen Gibbs.

AMONG the very big crowd I saw racing each day were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk whose house party included, besides their Royal guests, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord and Lady Irwin, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, Mr. Jeremy Tree, the Earl and Countess of Feversham and the Earl and Countess of Westmorland. I met Lord and Lady Cornwallis, who had Lady Dudley Gordon with them, Lord Astor escorting Mrs. John Ward to see the horses in the paddock, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, the latter lovely in black and white, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Boy Pilkington, and the Earl and Countess of Durham who had their son the Hon. John Lambton and Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn staying for the meeting.

Among regular supporters of racing present were Mr. James de Rothschild, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Sir Gordon and Lady Munro, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley who all had runners at the meeting, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson who had a party of friends staying at Billingshurst, and the Earl and Countess of Derby who were having a drink with Sir Eric and Lady Colson in the latter's chalet. These chalets are always most popular in the intervals between racing and among those entertaining in them were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, whose house party usually lunched in their chalet, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Ferrall and his brothers Rory and Roderick, Major Hornung, Mr. Graeme Whitelaw, and Sir Adrian Jarvis, whose mother Lady Jarvis was there to see his horse win on the first day as were his sisters Lady Lyle and Mrs. Francis Williams, whose husband Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Birkenhead, was also in the family party.

Another very popular meeting place where friends enjoyed much hospitality was the luncheon room shared by the Hon. Mrs. Elyn, Lord Ashcombe, the Earl of Sefton, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. Rex Benson.

OTHERS racing each day were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, who were staying nearby with Mr. and Mrs. Rex Benson, the Countess of Ronaldshay with her sister the Hon. Mrs. Brett, who were staying with their mother Mrs. Pike (artist Olive Snell), the Venezuelan Ambassador, Señor Manuel Dagneno, who was there on Tuesday and sat talking to the Queen for some time, and Mrs. Ralph Hubbard and her pretty daughter Miss Joanna Norton Griffiths, who had a party of young friends at Goodwood Cottage including Mr. Christopher Swire, Mr. Colin Malcolmson and his sister Merryn.

I also met the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Agar-Robartes who had a runner on the first day, Lady Selsdon happily recovered from her car accident, and her daughter, the Hon. Petrina Mitchell-Thomson, Mrs. Midwood and her sister Mrs. Scott Miller, Lt.-Col. Sir Colin and Lady Barber, Mr. William and Lady Belinda Dugdale who came with the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, Lord and Lady Chesham, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hall, Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster, and Lady Petre who was in a party with Fred Astaire who had a runner on the third day.

★ ★ ★

I WENT up to Cheshire for the exceptionally good dance that Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme gave at their home Thornton Manor for their gay and pretty débutante daughter the Hon. Susan Lever, who has been one of the big successes of this season. This was really the last dance of the season and it was

(Continued overleaf)



THE HON. MRS. SHERMAN STONOR with her daughter, Miss Julia Stonor. Miss Stonor is one of this year's prettiest debutantes and her mother gave a most successful coming-out dance for her at their beautiful house, Stonor Park, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire. Miss Stonor is the granddaughter of the fifth Lord Camoys



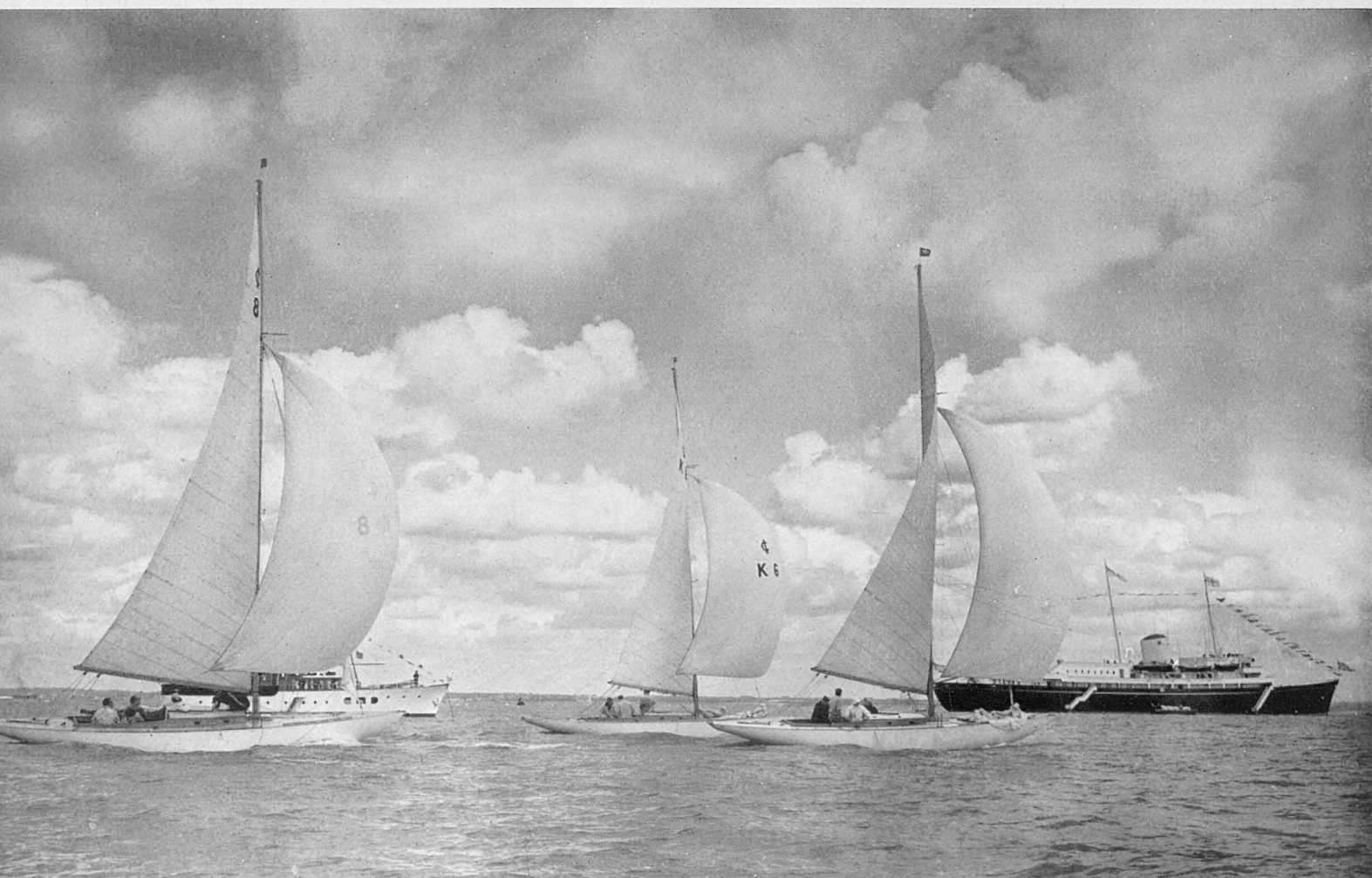
MISS SUSANNA SHAW is also a debutante this year and has been living in London during the season. She was presented in March by her aunt, Countess Cairns

Eric Coop



MISS MARIETTA SALISBURY-JONES is the daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and Lady Salisbury-Jones. She leads a busy life, working and living in London during the week, and spending the weekends at the family's home at Hambledon, Hampshire, where she is an enthusiastic helper with a vine growing experiment her family are making. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones has been Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps since 1952

Yevonde



AT COWES three International One Designs sailing in a light breeze past the Royal Yacht Britannia on the right. They are Mr. E. B. N. Mitchell's *Tadpole*, Mr. D. H. E. McCowen's *Susie* and Air/Cdre. J. C. Quinnell's *Pirate II*

clear that all the young people present meant to enjoy it to the full before they dispersed for their summer holidays. Viscountess Leverhulme, who looked most attractive in a cleverly gauged dress of caramel taffeta, received the guests in the French Room with Viscount Leverhulme, who is Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire and an exceptionally hard-working and busy man, fulfilling many public duties as well as his vast business interests.

Their daughter Susan was beside them for some time, looking enchanting and radiating enjoyment, just as one pictures a débutante at her coming-out ball. She wore a beautiful dress, very fresh and youthful, exquisitely made of finest white lawn and lace insertion over turquoise blue taffeta with a single pink rose below the waist at the back.

Unfortunately slight rain was falling most of the evening so that it was not possible to use the outdoors dance floor, or for guests to see the lovely gardens and lake which, like the house, were floodlit for the night. Thornton Manor is a very big house and there was plenty of room for the large number of guests to dance, or sit out without any crowding.

DANCING took place in the high ceilinged music room and in the Adam Room. A milk bar had been cleverly arranged in the conservatory, and supper was enjoyed at small tables in the vast ballroom adjoining the house. The Grotto, softly lit by fairy lights, was used for sitting out, as also was the library, the grey and white walled inner hall and several other rooms. Among friends and neighbours who had house parties and dinner parties for the ball were Viscountess Ashbrook, Lady Delves Broughton whom I met at the ball with Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton, Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor, the Hon. Mrs. George McCorquodale, Freda Viscountess Leverhulme, the Hon. Mrs. Angus Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hannay, Mrs. R. V. Wilbraham, Lady Brocklebank, Lady Margaret Myddelton, Mrs. Geoffrey Summers, and the Dowager Lady Williams-Wynn, whom I met sitting talking to her son-in-law Major Dick Verdin.

It seemed that nearly every débutante of this season was at this very gay ball. I saw Lady Mary Maitland dancing with Mr. Charles Connell, Miss Gillian Adams and her brother John, the Hon. Annabel Hennessy and her cousin Miss Susie Hennessy who was wearing a very pretty blue and white shaded tulle dress,

the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Miss Anne Peto-Bennett, who is having her coming-out dance in London in the autumn, those two pretty sisters Miss Sarah and Miss Georgina Blundell both in blue, Miss Julia Stonor, Miss Angela Huth, Miss Sarah Oldfield, Miss Jane Allday in pale green, Miss Alexandra Seely, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, and Miss Jennifer Anderson having supper with Mr. Euan Johnstone.

OTHER young men I saw included Lord James Crichton Stuart, Mr. Tim Maxwell, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Mr. Paul Channon, the Hon. Martin Browne, Mr. George Earl, Mr. Nicholas Buckley, Mr. Arthur Johnston, Mr. Peter Stanley and Mr. Jamie Judd. I met Viscount Leverhulme's very charming mother Mrs. Selwyn Long and his very attractive sister the Hon. Mrs. Whetherly in a lovely candy pink taffeta dress with her husband Lt.-Col. Toby Whetherly. Lady Leverhulme's father Mr. John Moon was there, and many older friends including Sir Harold and Lady Bibby whose son Derek was dancing with Miss Joanna Burgess, the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Callander, Mrs. Edgar Bowring very good-looking in a coffee faille dress, W/Cdr. Grant Ferris, M.P., and his wife, Col. Bromley Davenport, M.P., whom I saw having supper with Mrs. Dewhurst, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. John Midwood, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Whineray and her brother Mr. Jonathan Blundell and his attractive wife. Also Mr. and Mrs. William Pilkington, Mrs. Geoffrey Churton and Mrs. Anthony Crossley escorted by Mr. John Foster, Q.C.

★ ★ ★

MR. PETER TUNNARD gave a most delightful party in his Lyell Street home. This was an impromptu gathering arranged by the host in twenty-four hours after his return from a visit to Italy. Sometimes such a party can be much more fun than one planned weeks ahead, and Mr. Tunnard's certainly came into that category. Guests danced to an excellent three-piece band or sat talking in the music room belonging to their host's charming sister Miss Viola Tunnard, who is a most accomplished professional pianist and was present to help her brother entertain. Guests included many Italians, among them King Umberto who

was in London on a short visit, and his very popular aide-de-camp Señor Castallani, Countess Sandra Spaletti one of the most beautiful women in Italy, who was wearing a pencil slim black dress and magnificent turquoises, the Marchese Mario Incisa, part-owner of that great and unbeaten race-horse Ribot, and Marchesa Andreola Gondi-Corsini in a very chic short black lace dress. Her family in Florence have been a haven of hospitality to English friends.

I saw Mrs. Antony Norman in a short red and white organza dress dancing with Mr. Vane Ivanovic who was there with his beautiful wife. The Ivanovics were going a few days later to their enchanting home in Formentor, and Mr. Norman, who was also at the party, and Mrs. Norman were shortly setting off to their home at La Garoupe.

I MET the Maharaja and Maharanee of Jaipur who were chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Van Alen who were leaving for Paris next day before returning to their home on Rhode Island after sponsoring the U.S. Universities Real Tennis team's tour of this country about which I will be writing next week. Also Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, Col. Claude de Guerre the charming Military Attaché from the French Embassy, Mr. and Mrs. John Drury Lowe, Mr. Reresby Sitwell (alone, as his wife was convalescing in Majorca), and Princess Weikersheim very attractive in black and white organza. She too was soon off to Majorca with her husband and their débutante daughter Cecilia.

Others enjoying this very good party included Princess Amparo Caracciolo Carafa, the beautiful Spanish wife of Prince Gianni Carafa. They have a magnificent palace in Naples, and she was enjoying her first visit to London. Also there were the Duca Fulco Della Verdura who has just had two very successful exhibitions of his paintings in New York and Rome, the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford, the Hon. Henry Cubitt and his lovely wife, Mrs. Benjamin Welles and Miss Fiore de Henriquez, one of our most notable sculptresses, looking most picturesque in a black velvet tunic with black velvet knee breeches and buckle shoes.

★ ★ ★

AFTER Goodwood I went over to the Isle of Wight where I spent the weekend at Bembridge on my way to Cowes Regatta, about which I will be writing next week. I stayed at the Pitt House Country Club at Bembridge which Mr. and Mrs. William Clegg run so perfectly with the atmosphere and all the comforts of an English country home. I arrived on the Saturday afternoon in time for the summer dance at the Pitt House Club that evening. They had limited the tickets to a hundred and fifty, so that the ballroom which was beautifully decorated with scarlet roses and garden flowers did not become too crowded; this was also the occasion of the opening of their second dining-room, most attractively done up with olive green moiré walls, and sofa tables all round the room.

Over eighty guests dined at the club and others came in to dance after dinner. Among the dinner parties were Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Tommy Davies who had Lady Georgiana Curzon and Mr. Anthony Broome with them. Mr. Duncan Sandys and his eldest daughter Edwina (she comes out next year) were in a party with Mr. Philip de Laszlo and his very pretty wife who wore a striking cerise taffeta dress. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wainman had a party including M. and Mme. François Ouvré and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Raymond. The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury and Sir Hugh Dawson came with Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, the latter very good looking in grey faille. Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver had a big party at their table; Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling were in another party with her brother Sir Anthony Bonham and his very pretty wife; and Sir Edward Peel came ashore from his yacht Sou'wester and joined Major and Mrs. Digby Peel.

Others at this very good dance included Mr. and Mrs. William Straker Smith whose party included Mr. Peter Lloyd and his brother, also Mr. and Mrs. David Whateley, Miss Virginia Johnson and Mr. Sandy Goschen who were with Major and Mrs. Michael Edwards, Col. and Mrs. Alyson with Sir Marcus Mander, Mrs. Gerald Walker, Mr. Sandy Cameron, Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. "Sonny" Andreae, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby who came in rather late, and Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville's young party who included their daughter Miss Kate Colville, the Hon. Caroline Grenfell and Mr. Robin Brittain.

SAILING AT COWES

PRINCE PHILIP was, as always, one of the keen yachtsmen present at the Cowes Regatta this year. Right: Miss Mary Jane Hare and her sister Miss Harriet Hare who competed in the Dragon Class events



Miss Jane Brook was crewing for
Mr. R. A. Newell

Miss Shelagh O'Brien and Mr.
M. Walker-Munro



Mrs. Arthur Robb and Mrs. Neil
Cochran-Patrick

Mr. D. K. Cullen with Mrs. J.
MacGregor Robertson



THE SEASON ENDS WITH A FLOURISH

THE dance which Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme gave for their daughter, the Hon. Susan Lever, was one of the very last this summer, and the Season ends on a high note in consequence. Miss Lever is one of the year's most cheerful and charming debutantes and obviously enjoyed her own dance very much, as did all her young friends who travelled up to Cheshire where the event was held at the Leverhulmes' home, Thornton Manor. Above: Lord and Lady Leverhulme and their daughter Susan await the arrival of their guests



*Miss Sara Oldfield, Mr. Ben Worthington,
Mr. Tony Savile and Lady Mary Maitland*

Miss Serena Fass, Mr. John Impey and Miss Angela Martineau



Miss Madeleine Drage in conversation with Mr. Patrick Crofton



Miss Genia Russell and Mr. Christopher Pratt with Miss Cherry Kemp-Welch



Miss Susan Dawson was talking to Mr. Ricky Winter and Miss Dede Tuckett



Dr. D. O. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. R. Bevan and Miss Anne Bevan



Mr. Arthur Johnston, Miss Susanna Shaw, Miss C. Dugdale and Mr. M. Hutton

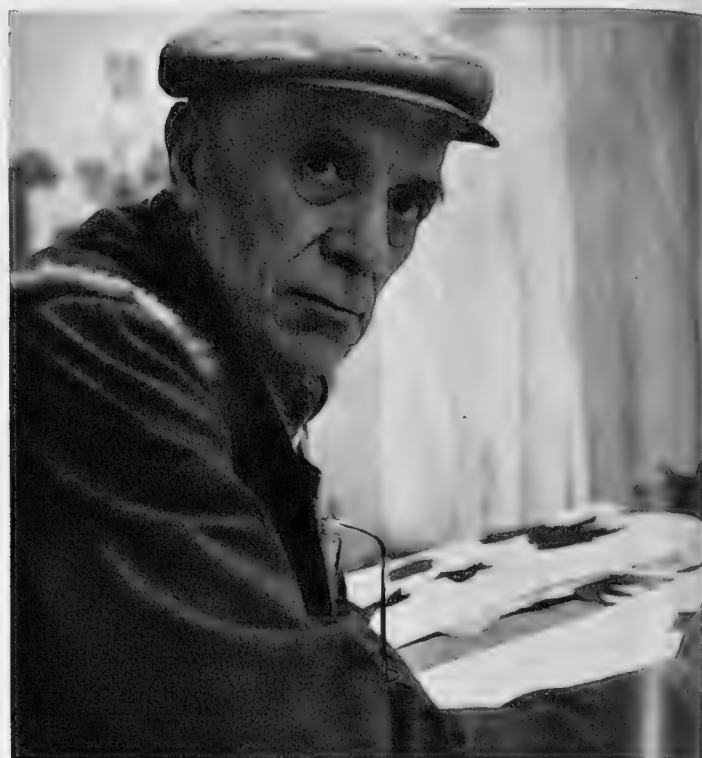


Viscount Walberton with Mrs. de Ferranti and Mr. Sebastian de Ferranti



Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Miss Clarissa Villiers-Smith and the Hon. Susan Remnant

Cyril Lindley



Georges Braque, an exhibition of whose paintings will be held in the Royal Scottish Academy during this year's Festival. He is a noted post-impressionist

THE man who could cope with Salome would not have been baffled by Maud. Tennyson's Maud that is, the lady urged by countless English tenors to come into the garden now that "the black bat, night, hath flown." She is rarely heard of nowadays and I often consider her fate had Tennyson's lines been set to that consummate master Richard Strauss, he who coped with Salome. The answer may be hinted at next week in Edinburgh when Sebastian Shaw and Nina Milkina offer one of those festival rarities, *Enoch Arden*, a melodrama for speaker and pianoforte by Strauss after Tennyson. If the final lines of the poem

And when they buried him the little town
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral

do not reduce us to tears, they may at least explain why the great Victorian Laureate quickly sold more than sixty thousand copies. Whether we are listening to minor or major Strauss—the Hamburg State Opera are bringing *Salome*—that six thousand will rankle. Were not the question irrelevant we might ask "And whaur's your Edie Sitwell noo?"

Irrelevant because she is in Edinburgh awaiting homage. It was thirty-three years ago that Miss Edith Sitwell first appeared in *Facade* at the Aeolian Hall. The Philistines hissed and Sir Osbert prepared to duck, the fair name of Renishaw was mud. Today *Facade* is accepted as a classic. Dame Edith Sitwell, D.Litt., has been called in for consultation by Hollywood and has expressed appreciation of Mrs. Arthur Miller. So if there is windy suspiration of forced breath in the Freemasons' Hall on Monday morning it will come not from hissing but a younger generation's reverence.

REVERENCE may be synonymous with enjoyment, at least in that "Conspicuous Town" Edinburgh which has sometimes been accused of encouraging the sobersides and frowning upon gaiety. This charge has doubtless come from deep in the heart of the middlebrow and it will be echoed again this year by those who prefer *Lilac Time* performed by their local operatic society to Schubert's "Great" C major symphony by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux. Edinburgh does indeed make many demands of its visitors during the festival, it insists that they shall take masterpieces in their stride.

Its programme is both catholic and comprehensive. Unlike Salzburg and Bayreuth and prewar Malvern it has no patron saint, no composer or dramatist of genius upon whom to batten. Instead there is the more general theme of "traditional sanctity and loveliness," not omitting the choicest of modern works. This juxtaposition of old and new, of the collector's piece and the everyday work which we know so well that the interpretation alone counts, is the secret of an international gathering whose



Dame Edith Sitwell first appeared in "Facade" thirty-three years ago; "Facade," now a classic, will be given at Freemasons' Hall

Edinburgh

KENNETH GREGORY writes of the varied delights to be enjoyed at the tenth Edinburgh Festival covering music, drama, poetry and painting by many great masters and played, performed and interpreted by artists from all parts of the world



Pierre Monteux (above) will conduct two concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Right: Arnold Van Mill as Abul Hassan Ali Ebn Bekar in "Der Barbier Von Bagdad," to be performed now by the Hamburg State Opera

A scene from "Henry V" which will be performed in the Assembly Hall by the Stratford Shakespearian Festival Company of Ontario, shows Ginette Letondal as Katherine surrounded by other members of the Canadian Company



very existence twenty years ago would have seemed an invitation to civic bankruptcy.

Milonic "morning trumpets Festival proclaim'd" does not quite apply to Edinburgh which will burst forth upon the world for the tenth time on Sunday evening. And what could be more fitting as prologue than Beethoven's Choral symphony with its setting of Schiller's *Ode to Joy* under that most perennially festive of conductors, Sir Thomas Beecham? One is reminded of two sad musical ironies: Beethoven never heard this stupendous work, and Sir Thomas—supreme among Mozartian conductors—has yet to conduct any of his beloved master's operas in this, Mozart's bicentenary year. But the first week at Edinburgh will belong largely to Sir Thomas, and to remind us of what we owe him he is including a suite from Grétry's *Zémire et Azor*, a forgotten opera he resurrected at the initial (and only) Bath May Festival, and containing a gravely beautiful dance known to thousands as Sir Thomas's favourite encore, "Number one lollipop of the Royal Philharmonic."

THE wise pilgrim to Edinburgh prepares himself beforehand. He knows that when he enters the Festival Club in the Assembly Rooms he will be greeted by some erudite gentleman from Bombay or multi-lingual lady from Buenos Aires and asked about the cosmic significance of *Under Milk Wood*. Moments like this national pride is at stake. An evasive retort such as one must study the Welsh in the mass before a rugger match at Cardiff Arms Park to appreciate Dylan Thomas will be unavailing. The well-primed visitor, duly grateful to the Third Programme, will lay a ruminative finger along his nose and hazard: "But surely *Milk Wood* was apprentice work? You may recall that comet which passed across our sky in the middle twenties, Sean O'Casey? Celtic rhetoric, you know." Theatre historians of the future may note that Dylan Thomas died at about the same age that O'Casey was launching his *Juno* and *The Plough and the Stars*. Through his tragically early passing we may have lost a great dramatist.

In place of the customary invasion from Glyndebourne, Edinburgh will this year welcome the Hamburg State Opera. Besides Strauss's vehicle for dramatic-soprano, they are also offering *Die Zauberflöte* with Rudolf Kempe as conductor. It is this same Mr. Kempe whose superb handling of *The Ring* has enabled the maligned Covent Garden to challenge comparisons with Bayreuth itself. I suspect that if our critics had their way he would share the fate of Handel and become British by annexation. Besides these two hardy operatic annuals there will be the

first stage performances in this country of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and *Mavra*, and the revival of an almost forgotten German work.

Edinburgh's music, with Hess, Milkina, Tureck, Casadesu, Curzon and Kentner as the pianists, and Schneiderhan, Campoli and Stern the fiddlers, is as breath-taking as ever. Throw in three string quartets, the Boston Brass Ensemble, the London Mozart Players, and the Vienna *Hofmusikkapelle* under Josef Krips in choral works by Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven, and we have still forgotten a distinguished visitor from Hungary, Ernest von Dohnanyi, who will be soloist in his Variations on a Nursery Song with the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra.

On to Methuselah is an admirable motto and also serves to remind us of the great man whose centenary has been so oddly neglected in London. If high spirits are what we seek then Shaw's rôle can never be overestimated, and *Fanny's First Play* and *Village Wooing* will reveal their author having high jinks. And if Shaw, Bridie, Goldini and Pirandello—the latter two performed by the *Piccolo Teatro* of Milan—do not represent high seriousness, there is still the Stratford Ontario group with the *Oedipus Rex* in Yeats's translation.



Brenda Bruce who will appear in two of Bernard Shaw's plays

EDINBURGH's festival is, as I hinted before, comprehensive. And if I haven't mentioned the Braque exhibition, Ram Gopal's Indian Ballet, and the amazing National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, it is merely because the wonders of the age need no advertisement. Indeed, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, with their incomparable

Fonteyn, are now content on two continents simply to be mentioned. What, then, does Edinburgh lack? Not music, nor drama, nor even a Military Tattoo—only imperfections. To descend from the sublime to the human, let me relate what once happened at one of our lesser festivals when the eminent conductor Sir Adrian Sargirolli was relaxing after a concert. A local councillor approached the *maestro* and nodded affably.

"Quite a good show tonight, Sargirolli."

The conductor gaped and lowered his glass. "Oh! Thank you."

"But there's something wrong with your band."

A noble brow puckered. Could this be the new criticism?

"It lacks presentation."

The interpreter of Bach and Bartok faltered. "I don't follow."

"Don't you? Well, last night in the festival we had Geraldo's band here. And they all wore little yellow jackets. That's what your band wants, Sargirolli. Presentation."

MISS COOPER TO THE RESCUE

G LADYS COOPER made a three thousand mile dash by air from Long Island, U.S.A., when she was telephoned urgently and asked to take over Dame Edith Evans's part in *The Chalk Garden* at the Haymarket Theatre owing to that distinguished actress's sudden illness. It was Miss Cooper who created the part in the Broadway production with such enormous success. She was about to set off for California and a tour of the play when the SOS signal was received from London



Angus McBean

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

THE excellent little National Film Theatre, near the Festival Hall (which has maintained itself successfully without either lowering its standards or receiving a subsidy—a nonsuch!), is to be pulled down next year to make way for a Shell skyscraper. But the L.C.C. is to rebuild it, only a few yards away, under the first landward arch at the southern end of Waterloo Bridge, where the odd little aquarium is that I have written about recently in these notes.

"Underneath the arches" is a curiously traditional place for this newest of entertainment houses to find itself. I am thinking, mind you, not of the houses of assignation of ancient Rome—also beneath the arches—but of London music-halls. I believe that where the Players' Theatre now is, off the Strand, there was a Victorian music-hall called Gatti's-under-the-Arches. There lived just across the way, in 1890, on the third floor of a tall house at the lower end of Villiers Street, "a short, dark young man with a bowler

hat, a rather shabby tweed overcoat, an emphatic voice, a charming smile, and behind his spectacles a pair of the brightest eyes I have ever seen," and I recall reading somewhere that this young Mr. Kipling hit upon the banjo-twanging rhythm of many of his soldiers' ballads in writing chorus-songs for the comedians at Gatti's which the galleryites could join in.

He quoted one such song in a letter to India from the Strand:

*At the back of the Knightsbridge Barracks
When the fog's a-gatherin' dim
The Life Guard waits for the under-cook,
But she won't wait for 'im.*

And, incidentally, when we read all the fuss that writers in the popular press kick up about the "flaunting vice" of London, as though they had never read Surtees or Dickens or Trollope or Thackeray or (in our own time) Michael Sadleir, we might recall, too, that it was this same young man, looking out on Villiers Street sixty years ago, who wrote about:

*The pious Briton lugging home
His wife and daughter sweet,
Through four packed miles of seething vice
Thrust out upon the street.*

Our own neon-lit century has nothing on late-Victorian London, under its gas lamps.

★ ★ ★

I N a vineyard overlooking the bay of Gaeta, south of Rome—a splendid curve of mountains and orange-groves, fringed with golden sand, embracing the blue Tyrrhenian Sea, that I have often thought lovelier even than the bay of Naples—stands a tall, dilapidated tower, long believed (or, at any rate, long declared) to be the tomb of Cicero, who was murdered in these parts almost exactly two thousand years ago.

Friends in Italy tell me that Italian authority, conscious both of its duty to its Roman forebears and also of the liking of well-heeled Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic and

Scandinavian tourists for neatness, cleanliness, order and a respect for the past, has begun to put the tower to rights, beginning by banishing the donkeys who had long been stabled within these ancient walls.

This, to my mind, is rough not only on the donkeys. There are those, too, like myself, who find greater charm and pathos in a historic place gone to seed, and put to prosaic uses, than in a building renovated to the eyebrows and enveloped not so much in history as in a schoolmaster's reverent hush.

Not that I would wish Cicero's tomb, or anyone else's, to tumble into ruin. Let us preserve it, by all means, but let us remember, too, that there is more to respect in a seemingly old age than in a fabric so face-lifted as to be indistinguishable from a branch of the Big Five. I can feel nearer to Cicero in a ruined tower, with asses munching patiently at their manger, than in a heavily restored museum, with a uniformed bureaucrat at the postcard counter.

It is ironic to think of this particular corner of middle Italy having an eye to its tourists, for they used to be warned against it. Size for size, it was long as famous for its brigands as Sicily—if "famous" is the word—and it was here that Fra Diavolo preyed impartially on his fellow-countrymen and on Napoleon's henchmen. What a fate for an Italian brigand, to be remembered, now, only as the hero of a comic opera, and of a Laurel and Hardy film! Which leads me to wonder how long it will be before the violent life and early death of Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit of our own time, is turned into a romantic film. The story has everything, except a luscious lady-love for the handsome Giuliano—and I am sure that Hollywood, or Cinecittà, could find some excuse for writing a part for La Milla into the script.

★ ★ ★

I CANNOT be well-read in the literature of oddity, or surely I should have come, long ago now, on the quite delightful prayer of John Ward, the miser of Hackney, which is quoted in James Turner's new study of half a dozen various eccentrics,

COME OFF IT

Mozart on the radio,
Kitten on the keys,
Fiver on the favourite,
Blossom on the trees.
Redskins on the warpath,
Writing on the wall,
Music on the down-beat,
Fielders on the ball,
Practice on the clarinet,
Kettle on the hob,
Father on the high horse,
Sherlock on the job,
Jamming on the short wave,
Welcome on the mat,
Twopence on the bottle,
Trying on the hat,
Chorlton on the Medlock,
Breakfast on the train . . .
Dash this preposition!
Must be on the brain!

—Prendergast

● ● ●

The Dolphin's Skin (Cassell, 21s.). Had I met it before, I should have remembered doing so; having discovered it now, for the first time, I cannot refrain from sharing my pleasure:

"O Lord, Thou knowest that I have nine estates in the City of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased one estate in fee simple in the county of Essex: I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of Thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties Thou mayst deal with them as Thou art pleased.

"O Lord, enable the Bank to answer their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the 'Mermaid' sloop, because I have insured it; and as Thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in Thee that Thou wilt not forget Thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that profligate young man, Sir J. L.

Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers, and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests, and never cheat me out of my property, night or day."

Whether it is authentic or not, I don't know—nor whether Mr. John Betjeman had it in mind in those early days of the war when he wrote the poem that includes the lines:

*Lord, put beneath Thy special care
One-eighty-nine Cadogan Square.*

★ ★ ★

AT the excellent street-market up our way the stall-holders cry, "Extra large! Extra large!" almost without reference to what they are selling. I was more than a little interested, the other Sunday morning, to hear them shouting, "Extra large 'cots; extra large 'cots!"—and wondered whether these were specially designed cribs for triplets, quads, or quins. But no: it was only apricots that were being cried—extra large apricots.

For it is the fruiterers who are the most vociferous of the stall-holders, as their notices are the most imaginative. (Those who sell stockings are, on the other hand, the most tongue-tied: they never shout, and they are sparing even with the written word—their fully-fashioned stockings are labelled, simply, "Fully.") "Don't squeeze me till I'm yours," is by now a time-honoured phrase with which to placard a pineapple or a melon. But I like, too, the labels that urge tomatoes upon one's attention: "Hard as a Rock," or "Balls of Sugar." Fruit and vegetables of almost any kind are liable to be labelled, "Fit for the Queen,"—never a queen: always *the*.

Some stall-holders break into rather limp verse:

*Don't hurry: have a try—
These are very good to buy.*

Which is well enough; what I rather deprecate is the estimate of our gastronomic standards held by those who proclaim their peaches:

"Yellow-cling peaches: Same as Tin."

BRIGGS by Graham





AT THE IRISH OAKS

THE winner of the Irish Oaks this year at the Curragh was Garden State, owned and trained by Mr. Harry Wragg from Newmarket. In this he brought off a great treble for his Lucero won the Irish Two Thousand Guineas and Talgo the Irish Derby. Above: Garden State (right) winning from Janiari and Another Sally



Mrs. Le Poer Trench, Mrs. John de Burgh
and Mr. Derek Le Poer Trench

Capt. John Shirley with Mrs. Maude and
Mr. Maurice Maude



Miss Betty O'Kelly who was with
Mrs. Helen Smithwick

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reeve who
come from the Curragh

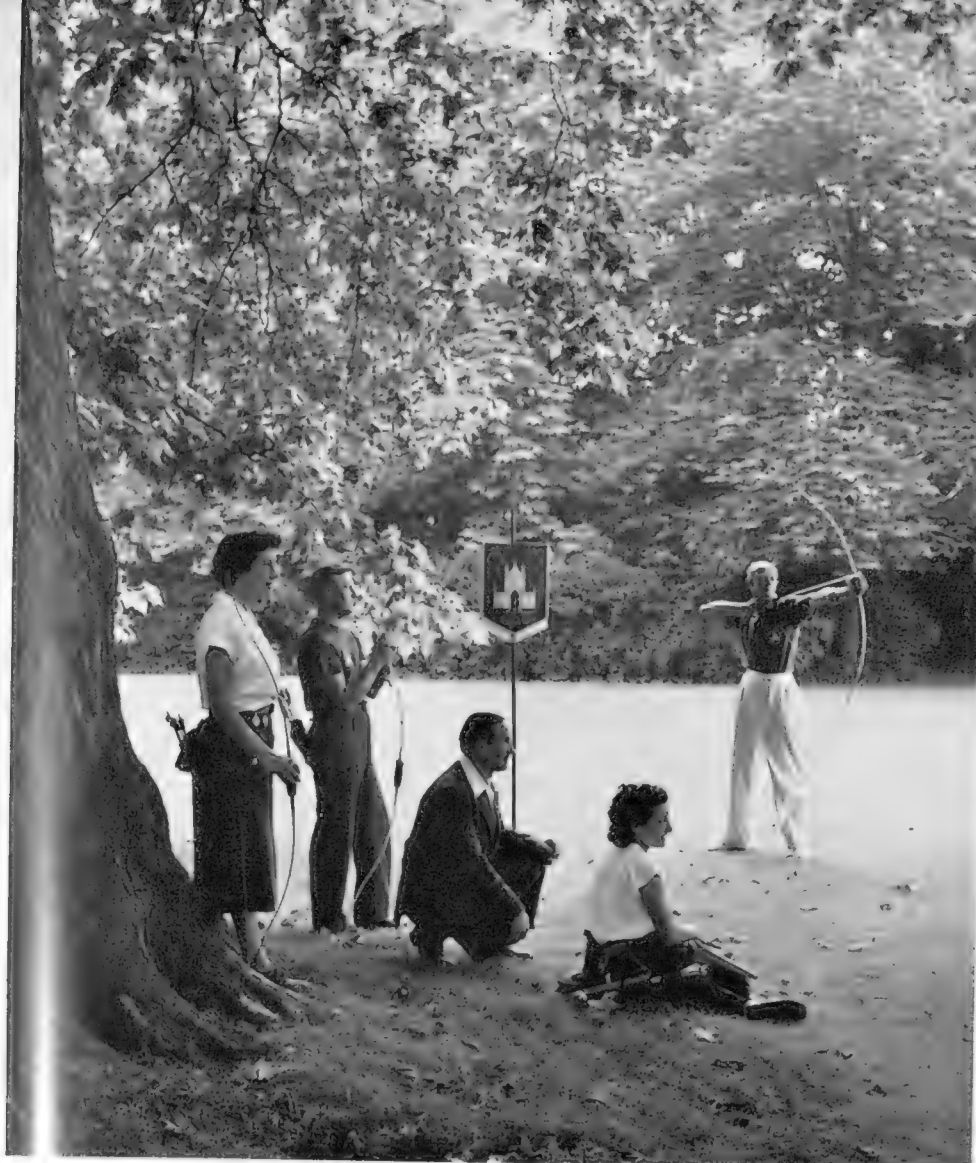


Count Michael de Brignac and
Mrs. Ann More O'Ferrall



Lady Ainsworth from Co. Limerick
and Mr. Arthur Chance

Charles C. Fennell



Desmond O'Neill

BOWMEN OF ENGLAND COMPETE

OVER two hundred of Britain's leading archers met at Worcester College, Oxford, for the 103rd annual competition of the Grand National Archery Society, the premier tournament of the bowman's year. The beautiful wooded grounds of the college and the fine weather made a perfect setting for the tournament. Above: Miss L. Langley, Mr. D. Heasman, Mr. S. Mansell and Mrs. Mansell watch Mr. F. Mann preparing to shoot

Mr. W. J. E. Miles, Mrs. V. Richardtson and Mr. J. R. Oldfield, Yorkshire champion, check their scores on the target



Mr. G. A. Brown, who won the championships this year, takes careful aim



Mrs. R. D. Bransdale and Mr. R. D. Matthews were inspecting the target

Miss Susan Hutson, Devonshire, and Mr. Derrick Charsley-Thomas, Hampshire





CONTESSA ANNA MARIA CICOONA, the wife of Conte Cesare Cicogna, in the garden of the delightful palazzetto built for her by the gifted architect Fabrizio Clerici. It is situated behind the Church of Santa Maria Salute in the centre of Venice. The Conte and Contessa have a son aged twenty and a daughter of nineteen

Priscilla in Paris

LAUGHING CAVALIER OF THE TABLE



His name was Maurice Saillant, he was eighty-three years old and, by mischance, he fell from the window of his flat on the third floor and was killed. His family sent the usual notices.

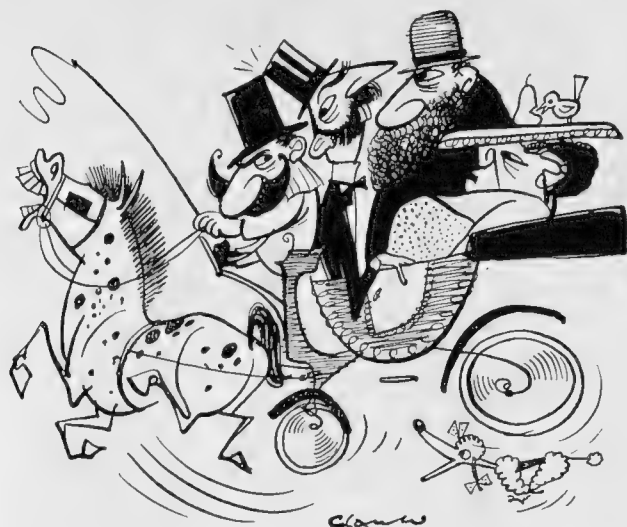
In reality, to his friends, and innumerable admirers, he was "Curnonsky, Prince of Gastronomists" and one was rather surprised to learn that he had a family at all! A confirmed bachelor, he had always lived in that same, tiny flat in the overwhelming proximity of the Church of St. Augustin. One does not suppose that he was born there, but if he had been the family, little by little, would have been crowded out by the books that stood in double ranks on his bookshelves, were piled insecurely on every piece of furniture and towered high, stacked against the walls, where furniture was not. Perhaps that is why he became so great and famous an epicure; books had even invaded the kitchen; the lady-who-cooked-for-him gave notice he was obliged to eat elsewhere!

He was also a master of *belles lettres*, a great humorist and a staunch friend to those he loved.

LIKE all notabilities who are considered Parisian he was born in the provinces. Angers was his home town. He came to Paris when he was eighteen. The tiny flat was at number 14 Place de Laborde. It is still at number 14 but Laborde (whoever he may have been in his day), has now become Henri Bergson!

At one time (probably a difficult one!) Curnonsky was secretary to "Willy," Colette's first husband. Willy had asked Colette to jot down a few souvenirs of her schooldays at St. Sauveur. She did so but Willy did not deem them worthy of notice. Curnonsky came across the manuscript, read it and became so enthusiastic that Willy changed his mind and . . . ordered further instalments from his then very young wife. Hence the famous "Claudine" novels that were signed by Willy until, some years later, the real authorship became known and Colette was revealed to the world as a great writer—and it is known how even greater she became.

Stout, pale and rather pouchy of visage, Curnonsky was already an elderly personage when I knew him, between the two wars. He would have reminded me of Queen Victoria, in



aspect, if he had not always been laughing! The first time he was to dine with us I was terrified. Our cook was a good *cuisinière bourgeoise* but what, from her repertory of excellent but simple dishes, could we offer to the Prince of Gastronomists? Bravely I rang him up and begged him to suggest his menu. "You will really give me what I would like, *chère madame*?" he asked. "Of course, Maître," I answered with a sinking feeling midriff as I had visions of *lièvre à la Royale* or *canelon à l'orange*. . . . "Then, please, a cup of *consommé* with a poached egg in it!"

Of recent years every time he presided at this or that Lucullan banquet my heart ached for him. And I think that very possibly is tummy did too.

RETURNED to the Island to enjoy the four finest days that have happened in continuity, so far, this summer. The *beau-monde* arriving and quiet parties are being arranged. Quiet because the clouds over Northern Africa have a way of casting their shadows in a strangely haphazard manner. Besides, we do not pretend to rival the *plages à la mode* despite the desire of Monsieur le Mayor and some newly arrived shopkeepers. Always the old battle between die-hards and go-a-heads; so far honours are comfortably even.

The David Strohrs have opened their lovely house on the rocky point that overlooks the not very far distant coast of France and, towards the west, the immensity of the Atlantic ocean. The Strohrs are honorary uncle-and-aunt to all the conservative summer islanders. David has been High Priest of Physical Jerks to several generations of young visitors, and many of the brats of the '14-'18 years who have had reason to be grateful to him some twenty years later.

MADAME NICOLE TRIPIER, the artist whose brush is able, so miraculously, to transfer the translucent lights and dramatic shadows of this lovely part of France to canvas, is at her charming, low-roofed cottage hidden in the sand dunes on the Atlantic coast. Marguerite Jamois, the actress-manageress of the Théâtre Montparnasse-Baty, is staying with Germaine Cossini of the Grand Opera at her picturesque shack in the pine woods, and the U.S.A. is represented by Mrs. J. Gould-Minot and her daughter, Nan, who are at their house that is one of the show-places of the Island.

The greatest sensation of the moment, however, is that there will be plenty of domestic help available this year . . . the local cinema (at the inland townlet, bicycling distance) is changing its programme twice a week and two touring circus companies are coming!

Prix unie

● *Fond Grannie*: "Come and kiss me, *petit Pierre*."

P.P.: "No!"

F.G.: "I'll give you a sweetie."

P.P.: "Mama gives me two when I take my cod liver oil!"



F. J. Goodman

COMTESS CHEVREAU D'ANTRAIQUES, wife of Comte Chevreau d'Antraigues, is photographed in the leafy garden of the lovely Chateau de la Grange, just outside Paris, which belongs to her cousin, Baronne Gourgaud, with whom she was staying on a visit from her home in Lausanne



At the Theatre

RING UP THE IRON CURTAIN

ARE we still keenly interested in the celebrated case of the well connected diplomat who vanished overnight into the service of another country, leaving his wife and child to bear the social odium of his act of treachery? It is bold to the point of rashness, I should say, for Miss Lesley Storm to assume that we are. The newspapers have picked the bones of the situation pretty dry. However, this is the subject of *The Long Echo* at the St. James's, and Miss Storm treats it as though comfortably assured that others will share the fascination she herself feels in the spectacle of ordinary people walking into a trap cunningly baited by trappers with the resources of a powerful State at their disposal.

The ordinariness of the characters is the essence of the drama. If any of them were in the least out of the ordinary the plot to get an unwilling wife to join her husband in perpetual exile would not begin to work. But the wife is a weak, slightly hysterical woman much shaken by the social ostracism that has been one of the consequences of notoriety. She is only just beginning to recover from the ordeal. To the husband that she once adored she has become indifferent, and she cannot forgive him his cruel desertion of her. She vaguely contemplates divorcing him so that she may marry an old admirer, a kindly but woolly-minded fellow perfectly well suited to a woman whose tendency to childish hysteria hints, perhaps at her emotional tepidity.



THE diplomat's mother is an old lady who will not hear a word against her son. She represents the maternal loyalty which no sort of reasoning can possibly change. The wife has a sister whose attitude towards her is intensely protective. She has no hesitation whatever in branding her brother-in-law a traitor. She is convinced that they are not at the end of the trouble he has brought on them. In and out of season she warns her sister that she stands in danger of abduction. Wicked

"THE LONG ECHO" (St. James's). Philippa Gill plays the unbalanced and easily influenced wife of a diplomat who has sold his loyalty to a foreign power, while Alex Shanklin (Denholm Elliott) is an idealistic young hero-worshipper who acts as messenger and go-between from husband to wife. Sybil Edwards (Marjorie Fielding), the missing man's mother, believes fanatically in her son, while Moira Lister plays Kate Waterhouse, the indecisive wife's hardboiled sister. Below: Clifton Ryan (David Hutcheson) shows dog-like devotion to the wife. Drawings by Emmwood

men from over the sea will come and snatch her and her babe from their beds and carry them away to the nameless horrors of exile in a strange, barbarous country. But then that sort of talk is only Kate's way. She has married a rich man, she is delicately snobbish, she is obviously chock-full of political prejudice. Her constant watchfulness over her sister is not only rather frightening; it is apt to become a bore and to irritate.

PERHAPS the most ordinary of them all is the young man who smuggles in a letter from the missing diplomat to his wife. He has nothing but simple admiration for the man who has painfully resolved an intellectual problem at whatever cost to himself and to his family. For this hero-worshipper there is no such thing as good or evil. There is only intelligence and stupidity and his hero has won a great battle in his own mind. He cannot understand that the wife should not want to join her husband. How he must be suffering in his loneliness without the woman on whose sympathy he has counted. Clever simpletons such as this young man are born every day, and wicked men know how to use them. He is soon the bearer of another letter arranging for the wife and her child to meet the husband in Paris.

The play's best moment comes when the wife, with tearful uncertainty, is urged by her mother-in-law and the go-between (with whom she has fallen in love) to depart "to talk things over" in Paris, while the suspicious sister, momentarily put off the scent, cannot quite make up her mind what is going on. For it is at this point that Miss Storm brings home to us the essential pathos of ordinary people coping ineffectually with machinations quite beyond their comprehension. Good in the same way is the final scene of the all too clever young man returning alone with all his fine illusions in woeful disarray.

It is an extremely well acted piece with Mr. Denholm Elliott as the self-confident fellow traveller, Miss Joyce Redman as the weak-willed wife, Miss Marjorie Fielding as the old lady riding high and disposedly for a mighty fall and Miss Moira Lister as the woman whose social tactlessness robs her clear sighted mind of its dues. It is all admirably realistic acting, and those who are aware of something jarring slightly will probably find the explanation in the impact of this acting on dialogue which is ever so slightly stilted.

—Anthony Cookman



Houston Rogers

A talented young actress from across the Atlantic

MISS LOIS SMITH will make her first appearance on the British stage when she takes the lead in "The Young And Beautiful" opening today at the Arts Theatre, a part she played in New York and which brought her very enthusiastic notices from the critics. Miss Smith was born in Topeka, Kansas, and majored in drama at the University of Washington, making her first professional appearance four years ago; she is married to a university professor. She was praised for her first film "East Of Eden," made with the late James Dean



A copy of the Arch of Hadrian in Athens, commemorating Admiral Lord Anson, is the dominating feature of the classical landscape park

SHUGBOROUGH Hall, in Staffordshire, belonging to the Earl and Countess of Lichfield, is a magnificent house surrounded by a classical landscape park which contains a remarkable number of ornamental buildings by "Athenian" Stuart. The first Ansons came to Shugborough in 1624 and the central block of the house was built in 1695 with extensions in the late eighteenth century by "Athenian" Stuart and Thomas Anson, the connoisseur brother of the famous Admiral Lord Anson. The house is designed in Roman and rococo style and in the park are many reproductions of Greek antiquities, inspired by the vogue for classic architecture



The Fourth Earl of Lichfield with the Countess, who takes a leading part in the affairs of the Staffordshire Branch of the British Red Cross Society. Above: The Great Dining-room, probably designed by Stuart

A GREAT HOUSE OF THE MIDLANDS



This charming fountain is in the Victorian gardens at the rear of Shugborough



Formal and mellow, the Victorian garden slopes gently down to the River Sow





Thomas Anson's Library was built by the brother of the famous Admiral in about 1762. Below: The stables, which adjoin the house on the southern side, are typically English in style



Desmond O'Neill

The magnificent drawing-room in the north wing is the work of Samuel Wyatt who enlarged and redecorated the house for the first Viscount Anson. Below: The west front as remodelled by Samuel Wyatt



The Doric temple in the gardens at the north end, which was also designed by James Stuart





GORDON MACRAE as Curly and Shirley Jones as Laurey ride together in the "Surrey With The Fringe On Top" in the Magna Production film of *Oklahoma!* distributed by R-K-O-Radio Pictures. The film, which is in colour and Cinemascope, is adapted from the fabulously successful musical play by Rodgers and Hammerstein. The cast also includes Rod Steiger and Gloria Grahame

At the Pictures

FEMININE DIPLOMACY



URSULA THIESS is the beautiful wife of an unscrupulous man, played by Zachary Scott, in the United Artists film *Bandido*. The film tells the story of trouble and revolt in Mexico spiced with exciting adventure and romance. Also starring are Robert Mitchum, Gilbert Roland and Zachary Scott

MISS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, in the title rôle of *The Ambassador's Daughter*, sets out to defend the good name of the G.I. abroad: she believes they are all very nice boys. For simple faith, if not for courage beyond the line of duty, she deserves a decoration of some kind—say a diamond-studded platinum gong of chaste design. She is certainly the prettiest champion the G.I. ever had.

A U.S. Senator, played in an easy, weazley way by Mr. Adolph Menjou, arrives in Paris to investigate the conduct there of American soldiers, which, it has been reported, leaves much to be desired. The American Ambassador (the late Mr. Edward Arnold), his daughter (Miss de Havilland) and a U.S. General (Mr. Minor Watson) staunchly contend that the reports have been grossly exaggerated—and Miss de Havilland volunteers to prove it.

She persuades her father and her elderly Polish nobleman fiancé, Mr. Francis Lederer (withered now, that *Autumn Crocus* to let her make a date with one of two G.I.s, Messrs. John Forsythe and Tommy Noonan, whom she has met by chance at M. Dior's salon—of all places. The Senator prophesies that within half an hour the young man's behaviour will warrant a slap in the face—provided, of course, that he doesn't suspect he is entertaining a girl of Miss de Havilland's standing. "Nonsense—I could deal with him with both hands tied behind my back," says Miss de H. The Senator's wife, Miss Myrna Loy, making divine play with her eyelids, murmurs gently "Don't try it that way, dear—I'll tell you a sad little story one day. . . ."

So Miss de Havilland, assuming a slight accent and pretending to be a French girl who makes an honest living modelling, duly keeps an appointment with the attractive Mr. John Forsythe (last seen, by the way, in *The Trouble With Harry*): together they sample the delights of the Eiffel Tower, the Paris sewers—"the only sewers in the world you can walk through"—and various night clubs, and Mr. Forsythe conducts himself with the utmost decorum.

Meanwhile Mr. Noonan, who has been detained at the Embassy and plied with unaccustomed champagne, is regaling Miss de Havilland's father and friends with an account of the means currently used by G.I.s to lower the resistance of the local girls. Cigarettes, it seems, get you nowhere, nowadays—but the offer of a trip to America and the gift of an airline ticket (forged) are usually rewarding. Then there's the cup-of-coffee-spilt-on-the-skirt-by-accident technique—leading to "Come up to my place and get out of those wet things," and, almost inevitably, a fate worse than death.

Though Mr. Forsythe appears to be a thoroughly decent chap, the fact is he does go through the motions of seduction described



SHOE SHINE BOY: Nirupa Roy has the moving part of Paro in *Two Acres Of Land* which goes to the Paris-Pullman theatre tomorrow. The film is the story of an Indian peasant family and their tragic fight to earn money in the city so that they can keep their own land and home. The dialogue is in Hindi with English sub-titles

by Mr. Noonan—though whether in all innocence or with the worst possible intentions I refuse to say. I should hate to spoil your enjoyment of this amiable comedy which Mr. Norman Krasna has written, produced and smoothly directed. Miss Havilland and Mr. Forsythe, who always seems to be the character he is playing, are both delightful—but my keenest pleasure derived from the exquisitely poised, elegantly polished high comedy performances of the old-timers, ravishing Miss Joy and sly Mr. Menjou. What artists they are, to be sure!

WHAT an artist, too, is Mr. Charles Chaplin—and what a joy it is to see once more *The Gold Rush*, now revived, for the second time since it first appeared in 1925, with a soundtrack, music and a commentary written and spoken by Mr. Chaplin. This was at one time (before the political views attributed to him made all his works anathema to the average U.S. citizen) the most popular of Mr. Chaplin's films in America. One can see why: the story of the one, spurned prospector who strikes rich and can afford to wear two fur coats at once and travel first-class on luxury liner, is essentially a success story.

You will find, though, that it is not the happy ending you remember best: it is the dinner of boiled boot with peas as a spaghetti-like side-dish, the little man's wild excitement at the thought of giving a party for the girl of his heart, and the pathetic New Year's Eve vigil when the guests don't come. As a comedian, Mr. Chaplin is unquestionably a genius. As a writer he's a sentimentalist: "The dance-hall—beacon of pleasure, retreat of lost dreams," he gushes—and one has the awful feeling that he really means it.

IN *Viva Las Vegas*, Miss Cyd Charisse, a young person with beautiful long legs and a considerable acting talent into the bargain, is a ballerina, hired, at 30,000 dollars a week, to dance at a Las Vegas restaurant. She is, one gathers, a very-high-class, strictly classical dancer—so when she eventually, towards the end of the picture, gets around to displaying her art it comes as something of a shock to find the ballet provided as a suitable vehicle is rorty mime version of *Frankie And Johnny*, performed to a souped-up, rock-'n'-rolly version of the song. But that's by the way—and just one of those Hollywood things.

Mr. Dan Dailey is a regular and welcome visitor to Las Vegas: he is a gambler who consistently loses. He has no system—

only a habit of holding the hand of any passing female, for luck. It brings him none until Miss Charisse comes along: holding her hand, he simply can't lose. They can scarcely believe in this sudden magic (and I can't believe in it at all) but it continues to work, up to the moment when Mr. Dailey proposes to Miss Charisse and is accepted: then the spell is broken. The disconsolate pair can't figure out why: you, being less obtuse, will realize that the old saying "Lucky in love, unlucky at cards" supplies the answer.

A conducted tour of Las Vegas's night haunts and gambling joints (less impressive than the one in *Cinerama Holiday*) is enlivened with glimpses of Messrs. Frank Sinatra and Peter Lorre squandering their fortunes and Miss Lena Horne and Mr. Jerry Colonna doing their stuff—but the clou of the film, for me, is a number in which the agreeable Mr. Dailey partners a tiny Japanese girl, Miss Mitsuko Sawamura, an enchanting mite whom I'd like to have for my chimney-piece.



ADOLPHE MENJOU and Myrna Loy, two of the screen's most accomplished performers of light comedy, play Senator and Mrs. Cartwright in *The Ambassador's Daughter*

PIERRE FRESNAY gives a superb performance in the title rôle of *Le Defroqué*—an extremely powerful French film (with English sub-titles by Miss Mai Harris) to which the Censor has given an "X" Certificate.

While in a prisoner of war camp M. Fresnay, as a man violently opposed to the Roman Catholic Church, is revealed as an unfrocked priest when a dying man appeals to him for absolution.

All his fellow prisoners but one regard him with loathing: the exception is a young man, M. Pierre Trabaud, who is inspired to enter the priesthood and dedicate himself to the task of bringing M. Fresnay back into the Church. This is at last accomplished, but only through anguish and death. I found it an absorbing but terrifying film: what its impact would be upon a Roman Catholic I cannot guess—but that it could never be negligible I am sure.

—Elspeth Grant

SIR ALLEN LANE is the managing director of Penguin Books Ltd., celebrating their 21st birthday this year. He was apprenticed to his uncle John Lane at the Bodley Head in 1919 and left to found Penguin Books in 1935. Sir Allen is married and has three daughters, and his recreations are travel and farming; he has a farm of his own near Reading. "The Penguin Story," a brief account of the development of Penguin Books over the past twenty-one years, has been written by Sir William Emrys Williams, C.B.E. (Published by Penguin Books, 1s.)



Lott. Meitner-Graf

Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen

THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENED

AT 11.40 p.m. on April 14, 1912, the Titanic collided with an iceberg. At 2.20 a.m. on April 15, the ship went down. What went on, aboard, in those just less than three hours? What led up to those hours, and what followed them? Walter Lord, in *A Night To Remember* (Longmans, 16s.), gives us the picture—and more than that. The reader is caused to live through the whole experience.

Nobody who was old enough to be conscious, even childishly conscious, in 1912, can fail to be haunted by the Titanic—"unsinkable," lost on her maiden voyage. The symbolic effect was, somehow, something apart even from the heartbreaking magnitude of the disaster. Here was the first crack across the twentieth-century's illusion of security. (One has, I suppose, to have been an Edwardian child to remember how safe and sunny the world seemed—even a comet, "said" to be heading our way with destructive intention, was so tactful as to alter its course.) If anything could happen to the Titanic, anything would happen. And as we know, since then almost everything has.

MR. LORD—which is interesting—was born some years after the waters closed over the Titanic. Yet, from his showing, that beautiful doomed liner still haunts the sea-highways of the Atlantic, and can, still more, grip a person like an obsession. Mr. Lord's obsession has worked itself out with the writing of *A Night To Remember*. It began when, as a small American boy, he in 1927 crossed the Atlantic on the Titanic's sister ship, the Olympic. Unceasing juvenile cross-examination of stewards and sailors on this one subject filled up his days at

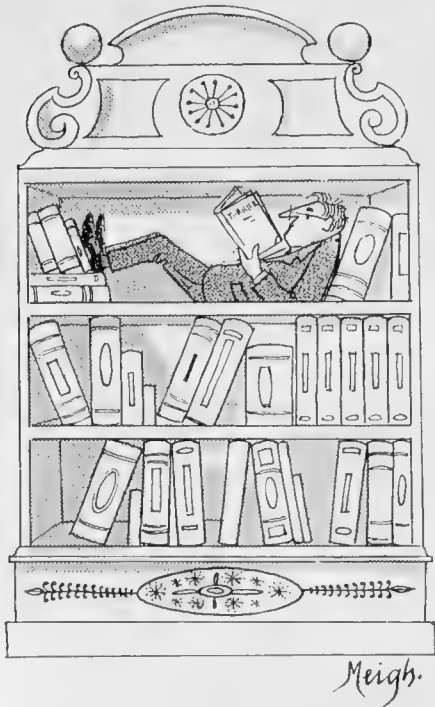
sea: the results ignited the powder-trail of this story. Since then, the author has either personally contacted or corresponded with who knows how many Titanic survivors—those, that is, who have survived also the changes and chances of the succeeding years. He has saturated himself in the world's press reports of that 1912 spring. He has burned into every question-and-answer of the enquiry which, both in London and New York, followed upon the loss of the Titanic. He has checked and counter-checked.

ALL this was necessary. For many of the rumours of that distracted week had woven themselves into falsified history. What *did* happen, during those final hours, is—by the showing of *A Night To Remember*—a good deal more dramatic than what *did not*. Facts, sifted out by Mr. Lord's research, show that of melodrama there was none—instead, there was something far more tense, more impressive: the up-to-the-last conventional good behaviour of people in an incredible situation. "Such things do not happen"—yet, this did.... I know of a number of people who have, so far, shied off reading *A Night To Remember* on the grounds that we have enough catastrophes in our own day without reviving *this* one, out of the past. Or who still feel, "No, this is all too painful." I think it part of the triumph of the author that he strikes unsentimental splendour out of the story. Also, this is the closest analysis I have read yet of how "ordinary" people react—speak, dress, spend time—in the face of probable, or (for some) certain doom.

Of the 2,207 men, women and children aboard the Titanic, 705 only were saved.



HERMANN BÜHL, the young Austrian, who accomplished the remarkable feat of climbing Nanga Parbat alone and without oxygen. Above: an illustration in his autobiography, "Nanga Parbat Pilgrimage" (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.)



Of the insufficient lifeboats, some left the ship less than a third full; almost none were filled to their full complement. Accusations—some, Mr. Lord has been able to prove, unfounded—were to pursue some of the survivors into their graves, or into grave-like obscurity. By the most clement reckoning, everybody did not behave well. Let us—who are forced to be harder—not judge too hardly. The nearest analogy one can think of for the diverse behaviour of the Titanic passengers—the startling or touching things which were said or done, the peculiar impulses which came to the surface—is a cross-section of London during a heavy air raid. The picture which stays longest in my mind is that of the elderly couple (she had refused to leave him) sitting quietly in their deck chairs, hand-in-hand, as the liner settled down, down into the ocean.

The Carpathia's dash, through floating ice to the rescue, and the Carpathia's silence—round steaming into New York, amid hushed crowds, fill the final chapters of *A Night To Remember*.

★ ★ ★

JOHN BOWEN has written a story of seafarers who fared ill ashore. This striking novel, **The Truth Will Not Help Us** (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.) is sub-titled "Embroidery on An Historical Theme"—and is in fact a contemporary reconstruction of a real-life happening in 1704. That year, the English ship Worcester put into Leith harbour after a voyage from India. Circumstances combined to rouse the hostile suspicions of the Leith townspeople: many of their own sons had been lost on a local ship trading to India; piracy had been rumoured—and who knew that this Worcester was not the pirate ship in question?

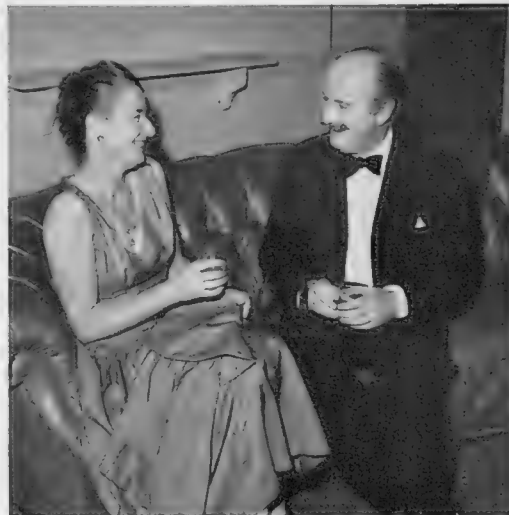
Mr. Bowen shows the appalling rate at which a calumny may grow, the misconstruction which can be put on innocent actions. The ship is seized; the captain, the officers and the crew put in time in the seaport as best they can—unknowing of the charge to be brought against them, they "incriminate" themselves at every turn. Their very case-histories, "normal" as most of ours, are given an evil twist by the prosecution. And, their fates . . . ? Well, read to the last page.

[Continued on page 325]



The Arts Club recently gave a party for members and friends in Dover Street. There were cocktails followed by a very good buffet supper for over a hundred guests. Above: Sir John Wilson, with Mrs. Barbara Schwinn-Jordan and Mr. Edward Newling

Mrs. Hulme Chadwick and Dr. Hulme Chadwick



Miss Jill Barbezat and Mr. John Morgan



Mr. D. Wilson takes refreshment with Mrs. Wilson



Mr. Crosby Cook, Mrs. Cook and Miss Joanna Kemsley

Desmond O'Neill

PASTEL COLOURS FOR DANCING

HERE are three very feminine and flattering evening dresses, soft and pale in colour and designed to show off a woman's greatest charm, pretty shoulders. Left: From Maison Belle comes a full length evening dress in white and gold French brocade. A bow at each side sets off the wide neckline. Approximately 28 gns. The emba cerulean mink stole by Molho Furs. Julian Rose's enchanting ball dress (below) is in white nylon net, the skirt scattered with pink and blue roses and the bodice trimmed with a pink ribbon and bow. Galeries Lafayette, £44 10s. Opposite: Horrockses' short evening dress in palest grey brocade has a scalloped bodice and pink satin bow underlining the bust, and a matching pink lined stole. Chanelle of Knightsbridge, 8½ gns. Jewellery by Jewe'craft

Photographs by John French



By

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress







Tony Armstrong



AMONG this selection of cocktail or short dinner dresses, is Roter's dress in silver Lurex embroidered whitelace (above). It has a wide decollete neckline, short sleeves and full skirt. Approx. 47½ gns. at Harvey Nichols and Leaders of Leeds. Left: Sylvia Mills's dress in sapphire blue rayon velvet, threaded with Lurex. The pretty neckline is swathed with pale blue pure silk chiffon. It costs 20 gns. at Debenham and Freebody

A COCKTAIL MEDLEY



A very glamorous dress in gold untarnishable thread by Roter. It is strapless and has a bolero, long sleeved and edged with fur, which gives it a luxuriant look. 34½ gns. from Nora Bradley of Chelsea and Anthony of Cardiff



Above is a delicate flower printed dress in gold metallic moire taffeta which has a standaway draped neckline. It has a bow tying just above the waist in front. By H. B. Popper, it is obtainable at Mikla, Wigmore Street, approx. 48 gns.



TO help with the planning of the autumn and winter wardrobe here is a selection of coats and coat-dresses. Left: Windsmoor's casual $\frac{7}{8}$ coat and matching skirt in wool and camel hair is beautifully made and lined with wool tartan. It costs £15 10s. and is obtainable at Dickins & Jones. The coat-dress is a boon since it serves a double purpose—it can be worn without a top coat in the warm days of early autumn or with one later on. Centre: Brown and black tweed with stand-up collar, seamed across the bust. Price approximately 24½ gns. at Rocha, Grafton Street. Right: In olive tricotine, curved neck and button-through front, also by Rima, price 34 gns. at Rocha

Wool and tweed for Michaelmas and after



A VERY new suit in a very new and exciting fabric comes from Sylvia Mills. Beautifully tailored, it has a slim, tapering skirt and loose, hip-length jacket with a short mandarin collar and wide-set shoulders. It is caramel coloured and made in rich, soft 100 per cent llama—a new luxury in suits. Harvey Nichols stocks it at 27½ gns. and also has the accessories. Below, with velvet pot hat, £10 19s. 6d., French calf handbag £14 14s., calf gloves £2 19s. 6d. Opposite, with white mouflon hat trimmed in brown velvet, £11 19s. 6d., brown crocodile handbag 21 gns., pale French fabric gloves 29s. 6d.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

A PRESENT FROM THE LLAMA





Al fresco parties

CAMPING, caravanning or motoring can be infinitely more enjoyable if comfort is part of the "design for living." Here we show some highly inventive and compact holiday accessories—JEAN CLELAND



A good buy for holiday comfort and convenience is this "Jolly-mat," which can be used in two ways. Spread out and inflated or zipped into a bag. Price £4 1s. 6d. each, they come from Harrods

This "Aerobed" is perfect for relaxation in the garden. It is inflatable and when not in use can be folded up and packed away in a small space. Price is £10 15s. 6d. from Harrods



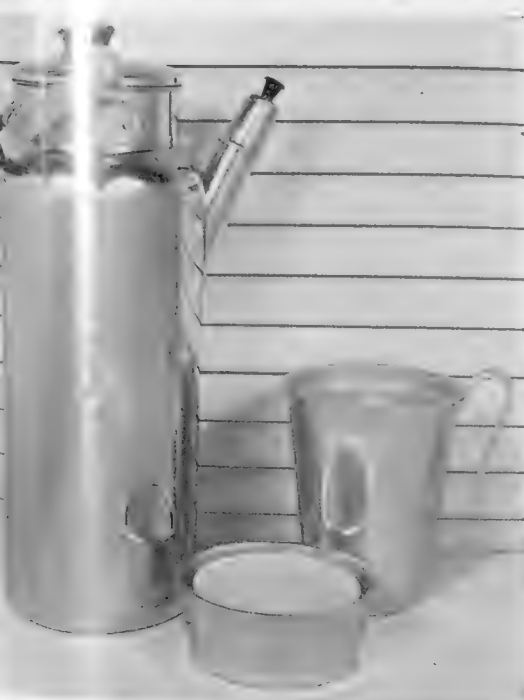
The new two-seater "Wonder table" for picnics, when not in use can be folded up and carried easily or packed into a car. The price £10 19s. 6d. from Harrods



"Turm" methylated spirit stove for camping and outdoors. Size $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 in., tank capacity $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. £2 4s. 6d. from Lillywhites



"Hot-n-Cold" picnic pail keeps food or drink hot or ice cold. £6 12s. Lillywhites



"Carrycan" which comprises containers for water, milk and butter, all which fit inside for carrying. The price is £3 8s. from Harrods



Insulated bag for carrying hot or cold food. Price £3 17s. 6d. Perspex glasses: lager glasses, 7s. 6d. each, wine glass, 4s. 6d., large tumbler, 4s. 3d., small, 3s. 3d., broad rimmed tumbler, 4s. 9d., from Harrods

"Sigg" canteen set in polished aluminium of two casserole dishes, coffee pot, lid and filter, ladle, tea infusing ball, condiment container, four plates and cups and cutlery. Price £6 6s., complete, Lillywhites





A MOST USEFUL piece of luggage and one which is also an attractive possession to own, is this red hide beauty case, complete with fittings to take creams and lotions. The price is £34 13s. and can be bought at Marshall and Snelgrove

Beauty

Holiday reminder

Jean Cleland



FEW things are more infuriating at the start of a holiday than to find that some of those preparations upon which good looks stand or fall have been left behind. If you are staying at a fashionable resort, or near a big city, it may be easy to replace them. If, on the other hand, your destination is a distant spot, far from the madding crowd, little can be done.

A list of the beauty things most likely to be needed on a holiday may help to jog your memory when packing, and even give you a few tips you hadn't thought of. No one person would of course need them all; in making a choice, you must consider the kind of holiday you are taking and the sort of climate you will be in.

For the Daily Routine; a cleansing cream or a cleansing lotion, according to the type of skin and paper tissues to wipe it off with. A nourishing skin food; rich if the skin is very dry, and lighter if it is oily; skin tonic for the dry or normal skin, astringent for the heavier oily type; a roll of cotton-wool for applying these, and patting them in, and a foundation cream or liquid, whichever suits you best.

Make-up. Two shades of whatever make of powder you like best. The normal shade—which you habitually use—and a deeper shade to tone with the skin when it begins to get brown. At least three lipsticks; one with yellowy tones (like a flame or letter-box red) to go with the browns and greens. One which has more bluey tones (like cherry or clear crimsony red) to go with light blues, navy and black, and a pink one to go with all pinks and pastels. Eye lotion and eye make-up. Don't forget a little pair of tweezers to keep the brows tidy, and to pluck out any other superfluous hairs.

IF you are going to swim on your holiday, I suggest that you choose a waterproof lipstick and waterproof mascara. These will keep your looks intact when you rise from the foam, and prevent a lot of running and unbecoming smudging.

For the Sun. A protective cream for the face, and a lotion, cream or liquid for the body.

For refreshment in and after the bath. Bath essence, or if your skin is very dry, one of the soft and silky bath oils. Toilet water for splashing on after drying, to keep the body fresh and cool. Dusting powder, and if you do not want to take a separate deodorant, you can get a dual-purpose powder, which acts as a talc and deodorant as well. If you are going for a cruise, be sure to take some of the lovely bath mitts, which lather in salt water.

For the Hair. A good re-conditioning cream to brush on to the hair, and counteract the drying effects of the sun. A little brillantine to spray on in the evenings, to give the hair a nice sheen. A wave set to keep the hair sleek and in good shape between visits to the hairdresser. An excellent one for this purpose is Tress, which can now be had in a small size, convenient for packing and travelling. Tress is particularly good for taking on holiday, because it not only gives a nice tight curl to the hair when used for overnight pinning and re-setting, but counteracts any tendency to frizziness after a new perm. It also takes the tangles out of the hair and leaves it soft after sea bathing. Just in case the sun goes in and the wind starts blowing, take one of the excellent hair lacquers and spray it over your hair before going out. This will stop the wind from sending it all hay-wire.

Now the Eyes. A bottle of eye lotion to refresh the eyes and free them from dust and grit at the end of the day. Some tinted glasses to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun.

For the Hands. A bottle of hand lotion for using during the day, and a jar of nourishing hand cream for use at night. A pair of sleeping gloves to prevent the cream getting on to the sheets. Nail varnish to match your lipstick, or, if you prefer it, natural shade or colourless. Oily polish remover, cuticle oil, emery boards and orange sticks.

For Convenience. Treat yourself to some form of beauty case if you do not already possess one. There are all manner of different types from which to choose; from the costly to the quite inexpensive. Most of the beauty salons have lovely ones in a variety of different shapes and sizes, and wonderful selections can be seen in the perfumery departments of the big stores. You can have them fitted with different makes of well-known beauty preparations, or with empty jars and bottles which you can fill up yourself. With one of these cases in your hand, you can have the wherewithal for a bright new face always ready to hand, whether on the train, boat, plane, or in the hotel.

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Yevonde

Miss Veldes Julia Charrington, elder daughter of Mr. J. A. P. Charrington and Mrs. Charrington, of The Old Vicarage, Affpuddle, Dorset, is to marry Mr. Timothy Hugh Francis Raison, second son of Mr. Maxwell Raison, of the Old Rectory, Theberton, Suffolk, and the late Mrs. Raison



Vandyk

Miss Mary Blakiston Houston, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. M. Blakiston Houston, of Beltrim Castle, Gortin, Co. Tyrone, is engaged to Mr. Gavin Rowan Hamilton, youngest son of the late Brig. Guy Rowan Hamilton and of Mrs. Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, Co. Down



Bassano

Miss Gillian Manley, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. S. Manley, of the Old Mill House, Bramshott, Liphook, Hampshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. David Glennie, elder son of Admiral Sir Irvine and Lady Glennie, of Waterside Cottage, Lymington, Hampshire



Lenare

Miss Sally Russell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, of Burdenshot House, Burdenshot Hill, Guildford, Surrey, has recently become engaged to Mr. William Weatherall, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, of Sandford House, Richmond, Yorkshire



Harlip

Miss Lillias Diana Wilson, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. Maurice Wilson, of Ashmore, Bridge of Cally, Perthshire, Scotland, has announced her engagement to Mr. Donald James Fairclough, only son of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Fairclough, of Hoyland, near Barnsley



Yevonde

Miss Penelope Susan Teichman Derville, daughter of Mr. P. L. Teichman Derville, of Bradenham Hill, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, and of Mrs. L. Price, of Cobham, Surrey, is engaged to marry Mr. John Philip Griffin, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. G. M. Griffin, of Thornhayes, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire



Fayer

Dugdale—Stanley. The Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Gloucester attended the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. John Robert Stratford Dugdale, younger son of Sir William and Lady Dugdale, of Merevale Hall, Atherstone, Warwickshire, and Miss Kathryn Stanley, the daughter of the late Col. Oliver Stanley and Lady Maureen Stanley



Paul Wilson

Barrett—Lopez-Navarro. Mr. Alan Dennis Barrett, of Park Lodge, The Avenue, Radlett, Herts, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Barrett, married Senorita Inmaculada Lopez-Navarro, daughter of Dr. Andres and Senora Lopez-Galvez, of Madrid, Spain, at the Church of the Sacred Heart of Mary the Immaculate, Mill Hill, London



Hazell—Smith. Mr. John Edward Hazell, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hazell, of Grange Farm, Hartley Wintney, Hants, married Miss Diana Margaret Smith, younger daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Smith, of Cowslade Farm, Hartley Wintney, at St. John's Church, Hartley Wintney



Nott-Bower—Reynolds. Mr. John Hilary Nott-Bower, only son of Sir Guy Nott-Bower, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Nott-Bower, of Palace Road, East Molesey, Surrey, married Miss Gillian Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Reynolds, of Cintra, Portugal, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Crace—Maitland. Mr. Christopher Edward Crace, second son of Admiral Sir John and Lady Crace, of Longacre, Liss, Hants, married Miss Christine Florence Maitland, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. Kenneth Maitland, of Digswell Place, Welwyn, Hertfordshire, at St. Mary's, Welwyn



Turner—Money-Coutts. Mr. Michael John Turner, younger son of Mr. T. F. Turner, Q.C., of Park Avenue, New York, and the Hon. Mrs. Turner, of The Grange, North Cadbury, Yeovil, Somerset, married the Hon. Susan Money-Coutts, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Latymer, of Cinderhill Farm, Mayfield, Sussex, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, S.W.1

MARILYN BURR, a member of the Festival Ballet Company. This pastel study by Comte de la Vatine is one of the many illustrations in London's Festival Ballet Annual, recently published by the Grays Inn Press at 21s.



Book Reviews

[Continuing from page 311]

Too much for the days of Good Queen Anne. The point is, could such things happen now? The sinister suggestion of this novel is—why not? Why not, at least, if certain witch-hunting tendencies, sponsored by a power-group in America, were to break out on this side of the Atlantic? In transposing the story to the present day, including telephones, television, press photography and other blessings of our age, Mr. Bowen has had—inevitably—to take some rather big risks as to probability. He has, I think, handled this tricky theme hardly less well than would have the late George Orwell—*The Truth Will Not Help Us* succeeds in being at once a semi-allegory and a sharp warning.

How prone to mob-panic are we? Also (really) how callous? In Mr. Bowen's last chapter, a cosy family group watch a public hanging on television.

★ ★ ★

CATALISTIC, therefore a drifting heroine is the centre of interest in *A Young Girl's Touch*, by Barbara Skelton (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 12s. 6d.), Melinda Paleface seldom falls on her feet, but has a way of being picked up. She carries sometimes death, always disaster, to the various applicants for her favours—only the coloured monarch, Yoyo of Gbaland, comes out scatheless. Wartime London, the high seas and Jubaland are the scenes of Melinda's non-activities. Miss Skelton sustains the mood of the story—which is never totally shocking—extremely well. Her grammar seems odd, but perhaps on purpose. I am not sure that Melinda's girl friends, particularly Penelope Bink-Smith, do not rather steal the picture—perhaps they're meant to?



ANTON DOLIN, Artistic Director of the Festival Ballet, who with Julian Braunschweig, the General Director, first conceived the idea of forming the company in 1948. This pastel portrait of Dolin, one of the greatest dancers of today, is also by Comte de la Vatine

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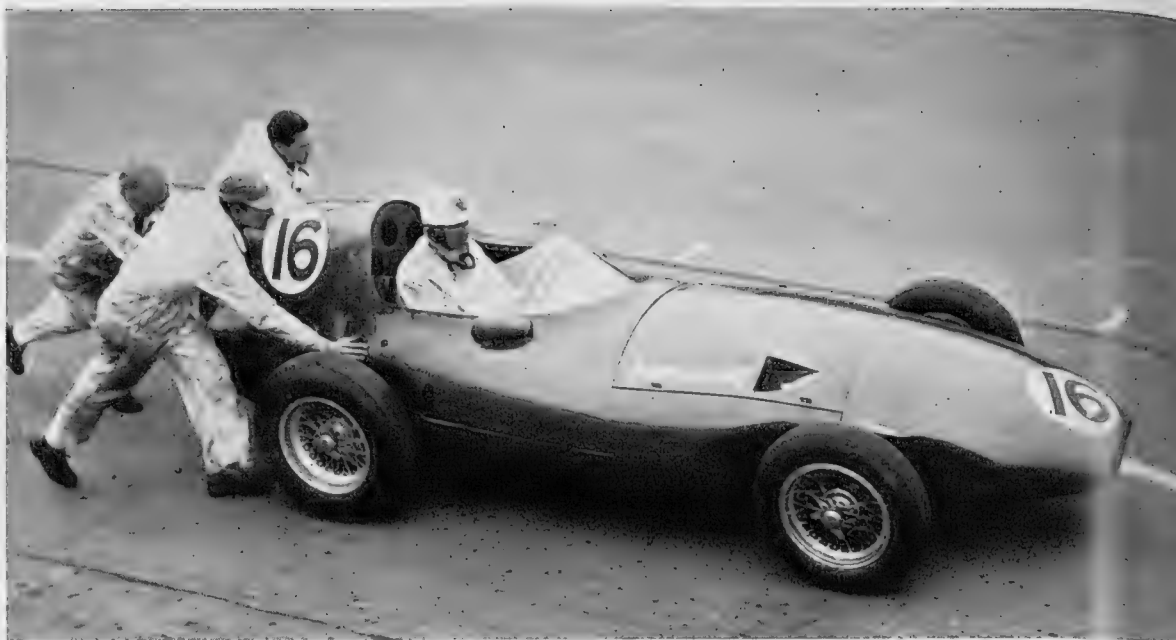
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HARRY SCHELL at the wheel of Mr. G. A. Vandervell's Vanwall as it was wheeled out by the mechanics before the start of the British Grand Prix, held at Silverstone this year



Motoring

A "SHALLOW END" FOR LEARNER DRIVERS

So impressed am I by the value of direct, personal instruction for teaching a person to drive that, in a book I wrote on learning to drive, I opened with the cautionary remark that no one could master the art from a book! My honesty has been well repaid, for the book continues to sell. The point I make is that written advice can shorten the period of instruction and make it easier for both pupil and instructor. But there is no substitute for road work.

The sooner a pupil is on the road and the more he is on the road the better. But in some parts of the country the traffic congestion is such that the novice is apt to have his confidence destroyed. The solution then seems to be that proposed—and now put into operation—by Mr. Leslie Sutton of Coventry. He has started a number of motoring schools, the first of them at Whitley, Coventry, which have their own road systems.

On these private roads the learner can experience all the varied and puzzling devices which successive governments have imposed upon the motorist in the name of safety, without disturbing other road users or destroying his own confidence. It is a sound scheme and it should help in ensuring that those who graduate as licensed drivers are safe.

GOOD training, however, is by no means the whole story. All who have spent time teaching people to drive motor cars or to fly aeroplanes are aware that there are few safer executants than the newly-licensed man or woman. The danger period—or rather the first of the danger periods—comes later, when confidence has grown and overtaken ability. The driver begins to think he knows what it is all about. He begins to exhibit impatience with slower drivers. He begins to seize ever narrower opportunities. And when he is saved from an awkward situation by the prompt action of the other driver, he commits the fatal error of thinking that he himself has, by his own skill, extricated himself.

That is usually the moment of supreme danger: when the driver attributes to his own skill the escapes which have been dished out to him by the skill of others. That is when the serious accidents happen. All who know anything about motoring recognize this danger period. It comes, not when the novice first goes on the road, but anything from a year to five years afterwards. If that moment is survived, there will be another safe period. And then, at a much later date, another danger period.

This second danger period does not arise from over-confidence and absence of or diminution of the power of personal criticism. The driver is in need of a refresher course; but after many years of road experience, the thought of such a course never enters his head. And so the second danger period arises. One thing is certain; that motoring schools with their own road systems

should prove valuable in improving the driving standards of those who first come on the roads as drivers in their own right.

I cannot refrain from casting a glance back at this year's Le Mans. In spite of the gloomy prognostications, it did not suffer from last year's tragedy. On the contrary its prestige was as high as ever. Although as I write the attendance figures have not been confirmed, it seemed that the crowds of spectators were somewhat smaller than last year.

Although the race had its tragic side—Louis Hery's death was especially mourned—the spectator protection seemed adequate. As for the injection Jaguars, they showed that they have the speed over anything. Hawthorn once again proved that he is the master of the highest performance that can be offered him. But the victory of Ninian Sanderson and Ron Flockhart in the Ecurie Ecosse Jaguar was enormously popular.

ONCE more, then, we have to offer our congratulations to Sir William Lyons and we have to express the highest appreciation of Mr. David Brown's Aston Martins. The Moss-Collins car showed what can be done with a relatively small swept volume, as did the 1½ litre Porsche. In the really small capacity group the Panhards once more proved their trustworthiness and speed.

Technically it is pleasing that British cars should owe their success in some considerable measure to the fact that they had adopted the new feature of the disc brake. Indeed, it seems strange that the progressive Italians should have been slow in adopting this feature. My own impression was that the new Le Mans regulations—the wider windscreens and the fuel consumption limitations—were sound. They knocked down top speeds a little, but not enough to spoil the high drama of the event.

HAVING mentioned disc brakes I now seize the opportunity of referring to a small booklet issued by a disc brake protagonist, the tyre division of Dunlop. They have published a small illustrated guide to twelve famous circuits, including Le Mans.

The book refers to the Paris-Rouen trial of July, 1894, when that fabulous figure, the Comte de Dion, set the pace in a "monstrous steamer."

The circuit maps include Monaco, Silverstone, and Monza, and on the back of the book are the international flag signals and the national racing colours of different countries. Altogether this is quite a useful little book and I believe Dunlop are prepared to send it free to those interested who write to them.

—Oliver Stewart



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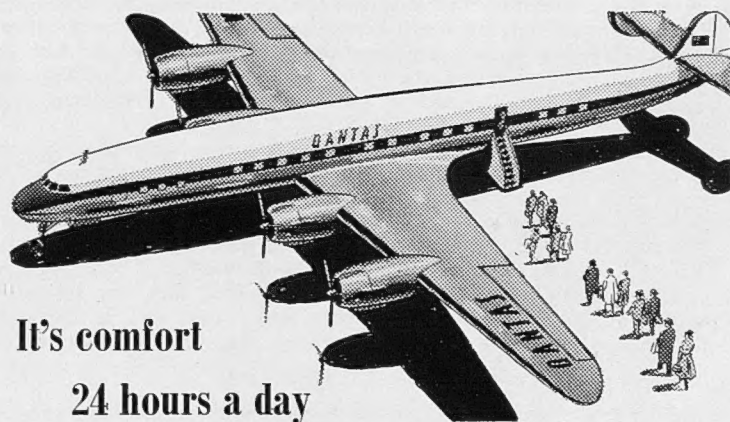
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Delia Dudgeon
WILLIAM YOUNG of the Crown Inn, Chiddingfold, an historic Surrey inn, was previously restaurant manager at Grosvenor House for two years, *maitre d'hôtel* at Claridge's for five and manager at the Café Royal for fourteen. He has been the resident manager at the Crown since December of last year

DINING OUT

On the Embankment

I HAVE up to now looked upon those huge and complex blocks of flats on the Embankment, called Dolphin Square, as something to be sedulously avoided, and as for using their restaurants to entertain people to dinner, the thought never passed through my mind. Having spent an evening there I realize that to have preconceived ideas about something of which you know nothing is a stupidity.

When Ronald Curtis, a gentleman of considerable account, who has a smart office off Hanover Square, asked me to cocktails in his flat at Dolphin Square and to dine in the restaurant afterwards, I accepted; not only because I knew the cocktails would be of strength and quality, but because I wanted to see what a flat looked like that housed a family of four in a building which contained 1,200 flats, and also to experience the sort of food and wine the restaurant could provide.

The flat was a delight: five large rooms, two bathrooms, spacious kitchen, all of them with one exception looking out over the river. The study gave me much amusement and it must be a constant source of delight to its owner to be able to spring this surprise upon his guests. To all appearances it was a plain room and sparsely furnished, panelled in light oak, with a writing table and a book case full of books, but in a matter of seconds, by pressing this and pulling that, the books disappeared and a complete and very smart bar was in operation, with every possible liquid ingredient for the contentment of mankind.

DINNER was excellent and among the specialities ordered by the guests were lobster cocktails in which the fresh lobster had not been ruined by some pungent sauce, *Darne de Saumon Bourguignonne* served with a Bourguignonne sauce, *Suprême de Volaille Maryland*, *Poulard Poché au Riz Sauce Crème*, and *Tournedos Montpensier*, with a 1950 Corton Charlemagne right through.

I noticed that several of the wines on their list were remarkably cheap—clarets and burgundies from 12s. 6d.—which would make it possible, with the dinner and dance at 12s. 6d., for a couple of youngsters to have a night out, with a bottle and drinks beforehand, for about £2 10s., tips included.

The manager of the restaurant (which overlooks the swimming pool), bars and catering, is Ezio Frank, who was for eleven years at the Savoy; in the kitchens under the famous chef, Latry, in the restaurant under Santarelli, and under Manetta in the grill room. After that he was for eleven years at the East Arms, Hurley, which explains the impression you get that everything is under experienced control. The *chef de cuisine* is Christopher Deegan, who was born in Paris, and has had a varied experience at such places as the Grosvenor House, the Ritz, the Carlton, L'Ecu de France, and the Stafford Hotel in St. James's.

Dolphin Square is an immense affair, with its own shops, post office, swimming pool, underground garage, and gardens. It is a world of its own where if you wished you could live without ever venturing forth.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

The finny aubergine

IT is always a wonderment to me how an imitation of this and that takes on itself the name of the real thing.

Some years ago, one of London's leading dress designers gave me a recipe for what he called "Aubergine Caviar." Quite frankly, I did not take it seriously, but I tried it and found it was not at all bad—but to call it "Caviar" was just a little too optimistic. Now I find this "Caviar" in several cookery books. It appears in *The Constance Spry Cookery Book* (J. M. Dent & Sons, 50s.), and in *The Gourmet Cookbook* there is another version.

Here is the recipe from the Spry book: Wrap 3 to 4 aubergines, according to size, in oiled paper, set on a tin and bake in a moderate oven until soft (about 40 minutes). Cool, split and scrape out the pulp carefully with a silver spoon. Chop slightly and turn into a bowl. Add a large clove of garlic (crushed to a cream with salt), a finely chopped shallot, a finely chopped small green pepper (optional), plenty of seasoning and a dash of Cayenne. Sharpen well with lemon juice. Put into a refrigerator or on ice to chill thoroughly. Serve as an *hors d'oeuvre* in a china pot or bowl, sunk in crushed ice. Hand hot dry toast and pats of fresh butter. The contrast of temperature and texture is delicious.

Now for *The Gourmet Cookbook* recipe: Boil a whole unpeeled egg-plant until tender. Cool, peel and chop finely. Add a finely minced onion, a mashed clove of garlic, a chopped and drained tomato, a teaspoon of sugar, 2 tablespoons of vinegar, 3 tablespoons of olive oil and pepper and salt to taste. Mix well and chill. Serve on crisp lettuce or spread on thin buttered slices of rye bread or crisp white toast rounds.

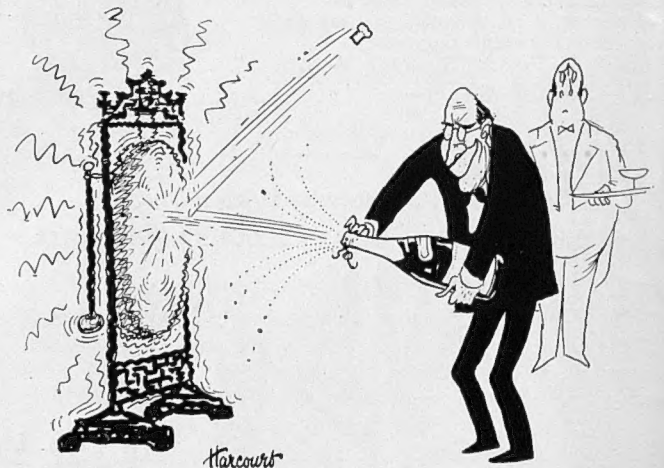
The recipe I was given years ago (the one I cannot lay my hands on) was more like the *Gourmet* one, but the tomato was skinned, deseeded, chopped and drained, and lemon juice was used in place of vinegar.

Any version of this "caviar" is worth trying—but it is not caviar! Another thing has always nagged at me: Who could have established the barbarous habit of cutting runner beans into fine diagonal slivers? These, for me, are not worth eating. Every little bean is an untidy snell and there is precious little flavour of the delicious vegetable itself. In my early days, runner beans were known as "snap beans"—and snap them we did! They must, of course, have their strings pared off, but, if they are young enough, these can be drawn off, leaving behind the tender beans only. We do let our vegetables grow too large, don't we?

MARROWS are another example of overgrownness. If you have always boiled them and coated them with white sauce—even a good Bechamel sauce—try them just once like this: Get one or two young ones, not more than 7 to 8 inches in length. Peel them and cut them across into rounds $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. Do not cut out the middles, for there is the flavour, and the seeds will be so soft that you can eat them as well as the "loofah." Melt a nice piece of butter in a frying-pan and, in it, gently cook the slices, without pepper or salt, until one side is a warm gold. Turn over, add seasoning, and fry the other side.

(I hope that the mention of Aubergine Caviar does not in any way disparage the two books to which I have referred. Both are excellent productions. The Constance Spry one—the more recently published of the two—is eminently suitable for beginners and advanced cooks alike. I would recommend it as a most appropriate present for a bride.)

—Helen Burke





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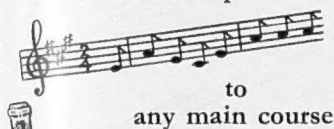


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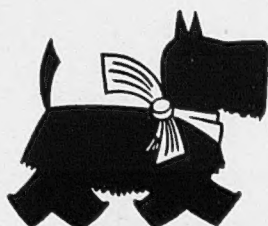
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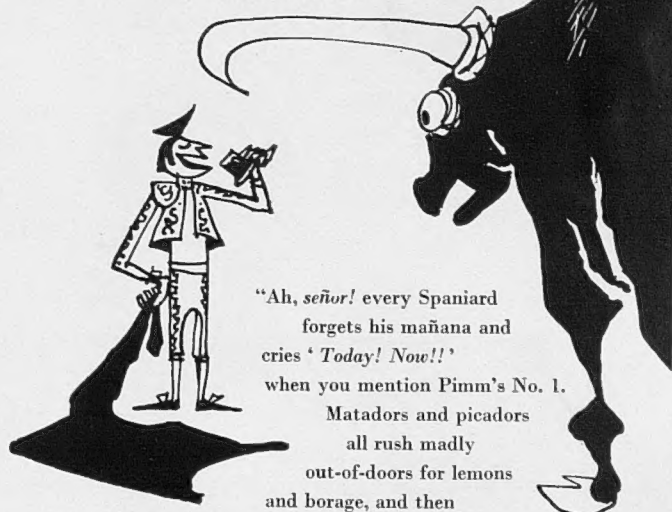
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